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From Glinka to Rachmaninoff
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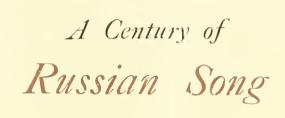
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from

GLINKA to RACHMANINOFF

Fifty Songs

Collected and edited by

KURT SCHINDLER

Being Vol. XVI of the Golden Treasury of Music



Paper edition, \$1.25 nct
Golden Treasury edition, cloth, gilt, \$2.00 net



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...

A Century of Russian Song

This collection of fifty Russian songs, ranging from old-master Glinka well nigh a century ago to present-day composers like Glazunoff and Rachmaninoff, is the first comprehensive anthology of its kind ontside Russia, and means the opening of an almost entirely new repertoire for the English and American concert-hall and drawing-room. The collector of these songs hopes that those who read these direct and sincere utterances of a great nation may derive from them a pleasure equalling the delight which he himself has experienced during the years spent in collecting and selecting them. He also ventures to hope that others will follow his initiative, inasmuch as these songs are indeed a key to the understanding of Russia's great symphonic music, so familiar to our concert audiences, and to everything that is national and based on folk-lore.

About my leading principle in the selection of the songs, I want to state, that I have not tried to find the most beautiful ones—a very vague definition, regarding which every man would decide differently—nor the ones that I personally like best (in fact, the limitation of space excluded some of the well-known and still beautiful Rubinstein and Tschaikowsky favorites, that are already available in separate editions);— but I chose those songs that scenned to bring the most characteristic message to the world, that are the most direct expression of the Russian national character.

Until about ten years ago Russian music had been identified chiefly with Tschaikowsky's music. Besides Glinka's operas, which were intermittently taken up in non-Russian opera houses, and Rubinstein's music, which arose and to a great extent vanished with the brilliant meteoric career of this virtuoso-genius, no Russian music came into prominence on the international market before Tschaikowsky; yet it was not the national element in him, not his operas and ballets, and early symphonics deeply rooted in racial feeling, that appealed to foreign nations, but it was the later Tschaikowsky, the polished, cosmopolitan, aristocratic musician, that captivated everywhere. Strongly perfumed, highly seasoned music, which dazzled and agrated the senses, appealed to the emotions, and seemed a particularly characteristic expression of our modern nervous times (before R. Strauss offset it, of course).

Symphonic conductors who were in touch and sympathy with Russian music persevered (vii)



here and there in introducing works by Balakirew, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Glazmoff; some concert singers included in their repertoire romances by Cui, Borodine, Arensky; vet it remained for the discriminating musicians and the sympathetic understanding of the public of Paris, in the past five years, to discover that Russia's greatest musician, the greatest musical individuality this Slavic nation has possessed, Modest Petrovitch Monssorgsky, had lived and died in miscry some twenty-five years ago, unknown to the onter world, yet leaving a maryellous bequest to his nation and to the world, compositions so strikingly new and original, that they seem to rank ahead of the most modern living composers, and which it would take generations thoroughly to absorb and appreciate, Claude Debussy and Alfred Bruneau have testified to his glory. Raoul Pugno has culisted his noble enthusiasm in his cause, and a Russian admirer of his, Mme. Olénine d'Alheim, has given years of self-sacrificing effort to propagating Moussorgsky's music by lecture-recitals in France and Belgium and by books and pamphlets; with the result that nowadays scarcely a song-recital in Paris or London is given without some of Moussorgsky's music, and that New York is fast following on the trail. The layish production of his opera "Boris Godounow" in Paris in 1908 by Serge de Diaghileff and Gabriel Astruc, with Th. Chaliapine in the title-rôle, has meant a complete victory for his genius, and most of the European opera houses have included this work of almost Shakespearian breadth and tragedy in their repertoires.

When Sergei Rachmaninoff toured America in 1909–10 as a pianist, this occasion was seized by a few singers to introduce his songs. He, of all living Russian composers, seemed the one most truly gifted in the domain of song. The spirit of the Russian landscape, its delicate fragrance, its vast and melancholy immensity, speak from the pages we have collected.

Glinka, the founder of Russian art-nmsie, who with single-handed effort wakened the dormant elements of Russian folk-lore, elevating them to an artistic standard, and who at once established the national Russian school with all its characteristics of rhythm, harmony, and instrumentation, is represented by celebrated arias from his two best-known operas, music that is closely related to the contemporaneous German music of Weber and Marschner, but which nevertheless speaks its own idiom distinctly and foreibly.

Glinka's and Dargomijsky's ballads represent the period of romanticism in Russian music; they are elegiac, despairing, sentimental; they were written to move hearers to tears, and they did so unfailingly. Wonderful is the atmosphere of the Russian salons of 1840–50, that these

ballads exhale: young men with romantic, lofty ideas; hypersensitive, schreürmerische ladies; desperate passions and infinite longing. All the milieu of Engene Ouegin, of which Pushkin and Tschaikowsky sang.—It is strange to see how the styles of Beethoven and Schubert become amalgamated with Russian melodic strains, and with what appealing results, as in Dargomijsky's Elegy (on a Moonlight-Sonata accompaniment), or in his "Prisoner in Siberia," who apostrophizes the "heavenly clouds" that are banished and homeless like himself.

Among the many songs of Rubinstein that would have been worthy to enter this collection, we felt it most important to call the attention of singers and public again to his "Persian Songs," those strange exotic blossoms, full of the sensuous charm and vivid imagination of the Arabian Nights, that he, being of oriental descent, was able to give posterity. These songs are so graceful and dainty, and so beautifully written for the voice, that the world is bound to take them up again.

Borodine, though born earlier than Tschaikowsky, Cui, and Balakirew, represents more fully the ultra-modern type of musical Russia. He was never a professional musician, and his music arways breathes the spirit of aristocratic leisure, refined surroundings, and cultivated city life, Songs like the iridescent "Sea Queen," the strange-scented "Flowers of Love." the mysterious "Sleeping Princess," the short and poignant "Dissonance," show a marvellous sense for coloristic effects, which he produced by an harmonic scheme very similar to what is now called "Debussyism," but a method that he invented and practised long before Debussy.

In his "Song of the Dark Forest" Borodine has gone back to melodic and rhythmic traditions of early mediaval Russian music (as preserved in some of Russia's old weird folksongs), the effect of a bard reciting a ballad being brought out with stirring and overpowering force.

Many songs of Cui and Balakirew might have been included, but their message did not seem so important or characteristic, nothing that the other composers had not better expressed or more strongly; so the former is represented only by the deliciously humorous "Poet and Critic" disguised as Cuckoo and Nightingale, the latter by his song "Oh, come to me," most popular in Russia, but little known elsewhere, a melody of such sweet charm, that no one having heard it can escape its haunting loveliness.

More than one-half of this book is devoted to the music of Moussorgsky, Tschaikowsky, and Rimsky-Korsakoff, fitly termed Russia's three greatest song-writers.

Of the younger generation that followed them, none has yet reached the heights attained by them. Arensky, well known by his piano-compositions, never rises beyond a certain salon-atmosphere in his songs. Glazunoff has given his best in symphonic compositions of rather characteristic tendencies. Their two songs here included, "Little Fish's Song" and "Nereid," are respectively characteristic in their limpid charm and graceful melodious contours.

Among Tschaikowsky's well-known songs, it was a question of selecting some hidden beauties that seem worthy of becoming universal property. How charming is the sketch called "Evening," that evokes the picture of Little-Russian hillsides so irresistibly, such a sweet, fragrant country picture, that is in music what Gogol's landscape-descriptions in his novels are to poetry. His weird oriental "Canary-Song" evokes the exotic splendors, the palms and mosques of the far-off east; and the simple folk-tune like "Legend," so poignant and appealing, more simple than Massenet's complicated "Legend of the Sagebrush;" and that setting of Tolstoy, "At the Ball," which has moved and will continue to move audiences to tears.

Rimsky-Korsakoff, the prolitic opera-composer and gentle-hearted old wizard, who lived long enough to see his fame spread over the entire world, and who was feasted like a king of music when he came to Paris a year before his death (1908), was more fortunate than his comrade and bosom-friend Moussorgsky. These two composers made common cause in seeking and systematically gathering the treasures of Russian folk-song. But while Rimsky-Korsakoff shaped his music after the pattern of folk-song in a somewhat philistine, school-masterly way. Moussorgsky, who went into the subject heart and soul, was so imbued and identified with the national expression, that his songs seem almost the emanations of the entire race standing behind him.

Of Rimsky we give three early songs (1866-67), the "Southern Night," the weird "Hebrew Love-Song," and the melancholy "Georgian Hills," which are much in the same class as Borodine's songs; and three airs from his highly colored fairy opera "Snegourotchka" (Little Snowflake), full of innocent charm and dainty rhythms.

I should have liked to give all Moussorgsky's work, but in the choice of eleven songs. I hope to have shown him in his most characteristic aspect. Two eradle-songs of his are like two gems in this selection. Not being content with a rocking, lilting accompaniment and a sweet, floating melody, he draws the interior of a peasant's but, the mother with infinite tenderness bending over her child, dreaming of its future; he makes us hear the

mother's sigh, the infant's breathing, the ticking of the large clock; we feel the loneliness of it all. Marvellous pictures these two, of which the "Peasant Cradle-Song" must have been particularly dear to the composer, since he inscribed it to the memory of his mother. Here he finds for the angelic vision at the end harmonies of purple and gold, and draws melodies of mediaval Byzantine outlines.

Martha's song, from his last opera, "Khovanstchina," is an original folk-song, which he frames from verse to verse in a new and richer accompaniment. The "Divination by Water" from the same work is an extremely powerful composition, the opening "Invocation of the Spirits" being of almost ghastly and hypnotic effect. And now the vast loneliness, the desperate banishment of Siberia looms up from the throbbing of the downcast and muttered final phrases.

There is much sadness, much melaneholy in Moussorgsky's music, as there is in all Russian poets and book-writers—Turgenieff, Dostojewsky, Tolstoy; just as any great art, being sineere, must mirror the true state of a nation. But in all art, I know of little that can be compared to Moussorgsky's "By the Water," from his song-cycle "Where no Sun Shines," in its mysterious fatality, its "Hamletian" meditation over the deepest riddle of life. It is not surprising that this composer, who in his music was wont to knock at the very gates of death, should have adopted the inspiration of his poet-friend Count Golenitchew-Koutouzow to write a cycle of Death-dances according to the conception of Holbein. Of these four song-paintings we present "Death-and the Peasant" (Trepak), written on the weird rhythms of the Russian peasant-dance. Strange is the Epilogue to this song, which makes us realize the majestic indifference of nature to the misery of the individual. The poor peasant lies frozen under the snow, but the sun shines again, spring comes into the land, changing the rigid ice-fields to laughing rivulets and pools, and the merry lark soars to heavenly heights, singing its pean of happiness.

A different peasant-dance is the "Hopak," which irresistibly draws us into its whirl, and makes us acquainted with a savage Russian sister of Carmen. "The Siege of Kazan," a ballad inserted in the opera "Boris Godoimow," gives us a wild picture of mediæval Cossack-life, surely inspired by Gogol's master-novel, "Taras Bulba." The "Oriental Chant," which figures in his short Joshua-Cantata as a middle movement for solo contralto, is a strain that he caught from the lips of the Jewish peasant-people, most characteristic in its wailing and plaintive melody.

Not the least important among the wide and diverse fields of Moussorgsky's compositions are his nursery-songs, of which we quote that dainty little sketch called "Child's Song," comparing a child to a blossom, and "The Beetle," telling of a child who, playing in the garden, comes face to face with the problem of a beetle's death.

A fitting *envoi* to this collection is Rachmaninoff's setting of Tolstoy's "Billowy Harvest-field." May the golden grains of these Russian sheaves fall into fertile soil, and be reaped in a manifold harvest.

In order to facilitate the recital of these songs in English-speaking countries, especial care has been bestowed by Mr. Henry G. Chapman and others on the translations, which not only cover the poetical idea of the originals, but also closely follow the trend of the music. Fifty new songs, of undoubted value, should afford ample opportunity to promote the introduction of standard music in the English language. There is every reason that English-speaking countries should take up these songs in their own language instead of in exotic translations.

KURT SCHENDLER

Man 30, 1911

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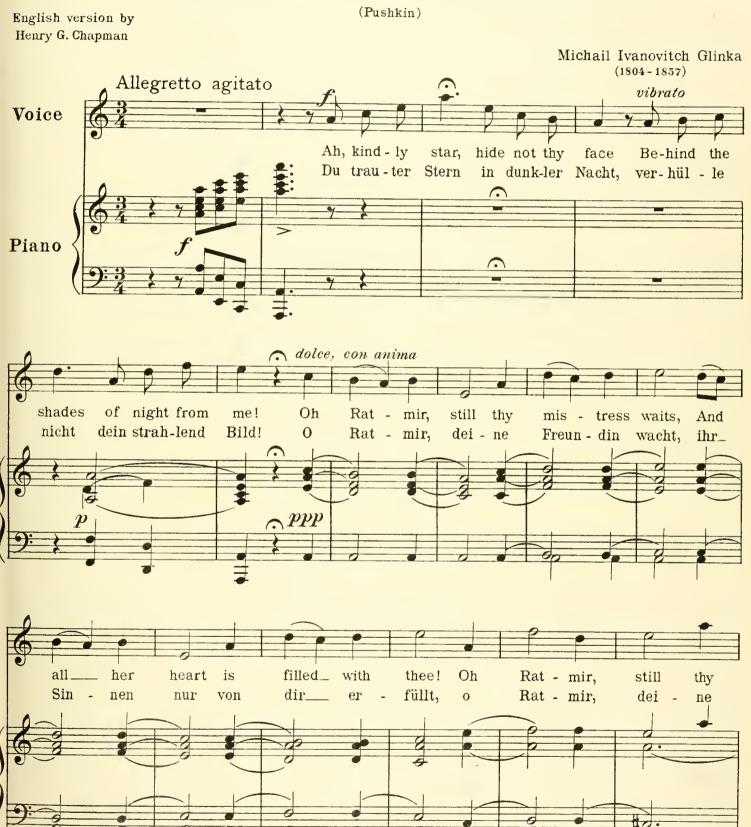
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"Ah, kindly star"

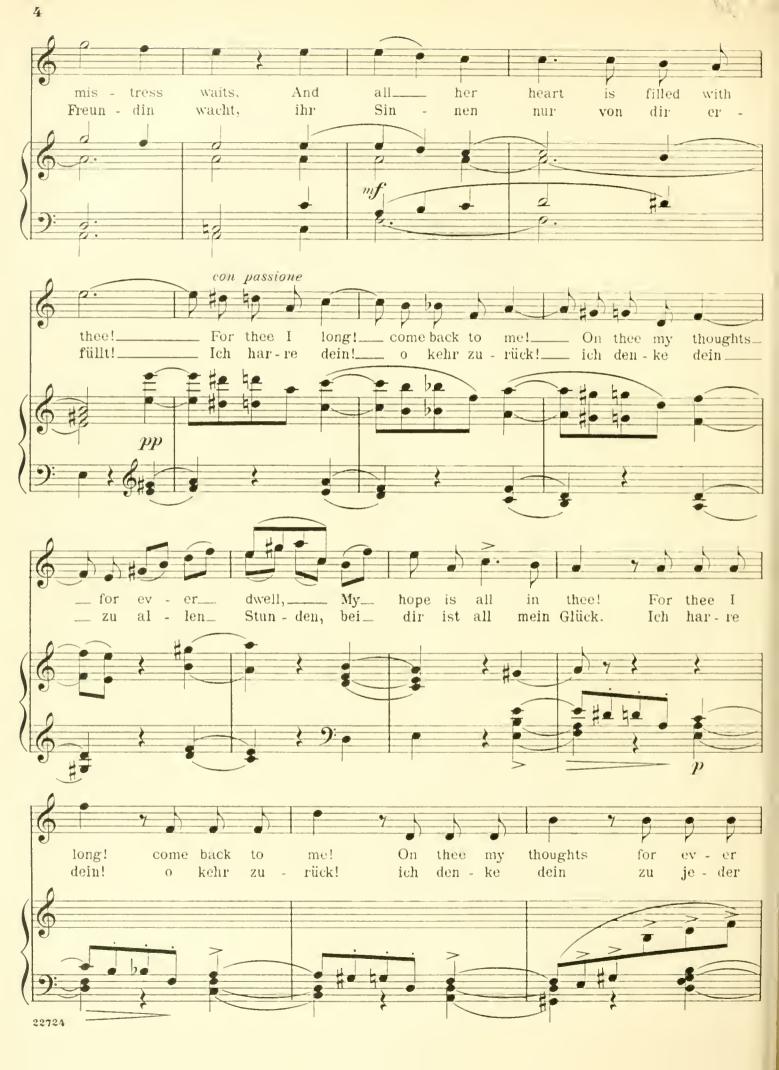
"Du trauter Stern"

Song from the opera "Russlan and Ludmilla"

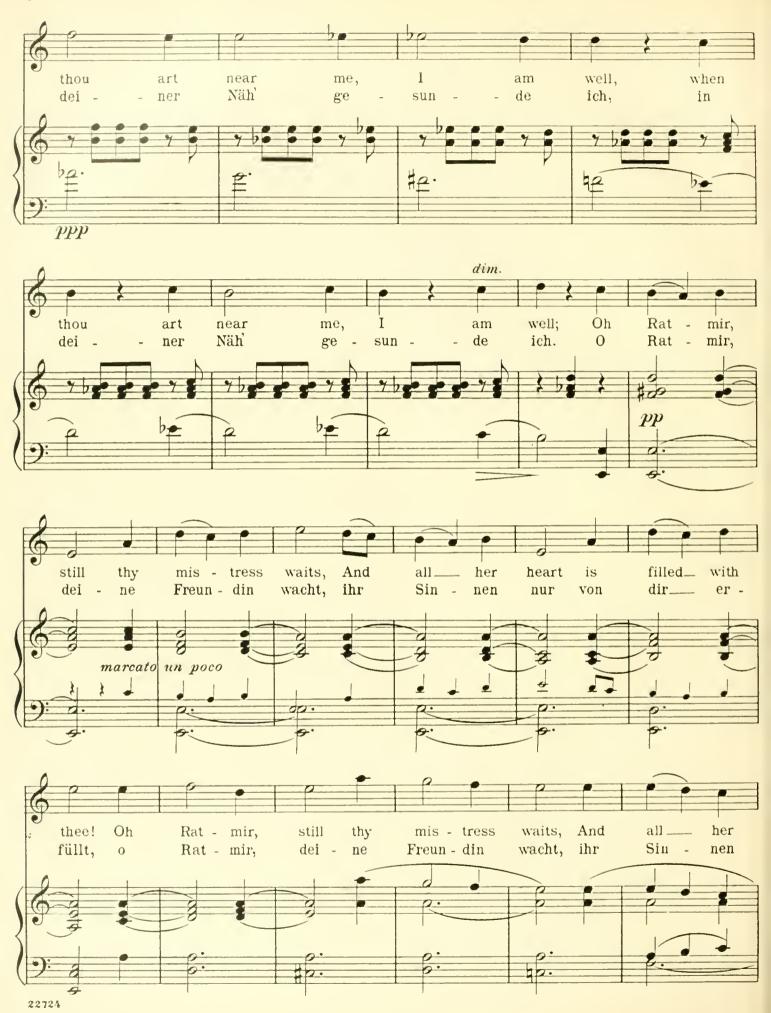


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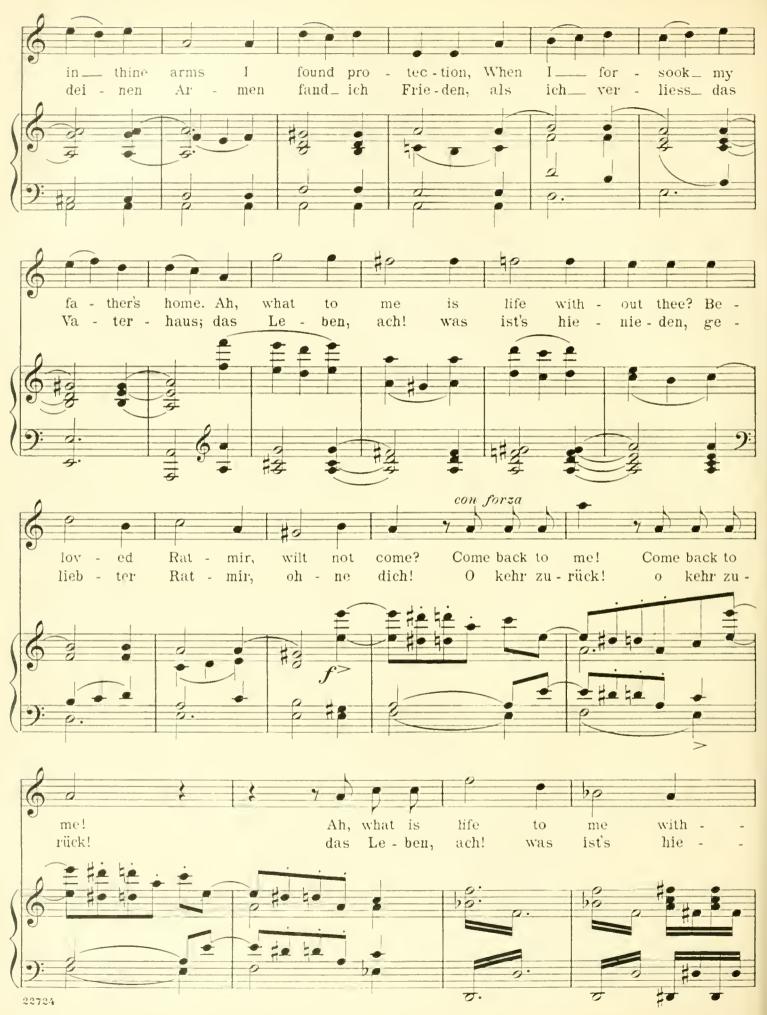














"How sweet it is when I'm with you!" "Wie süss ist's, kann bei Dir ich sein"













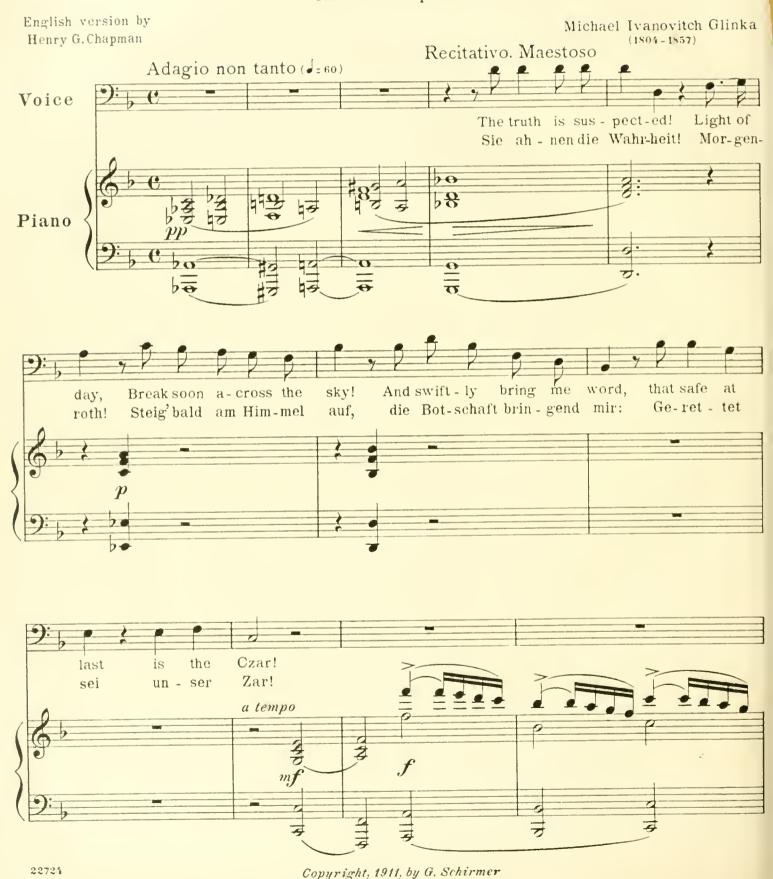


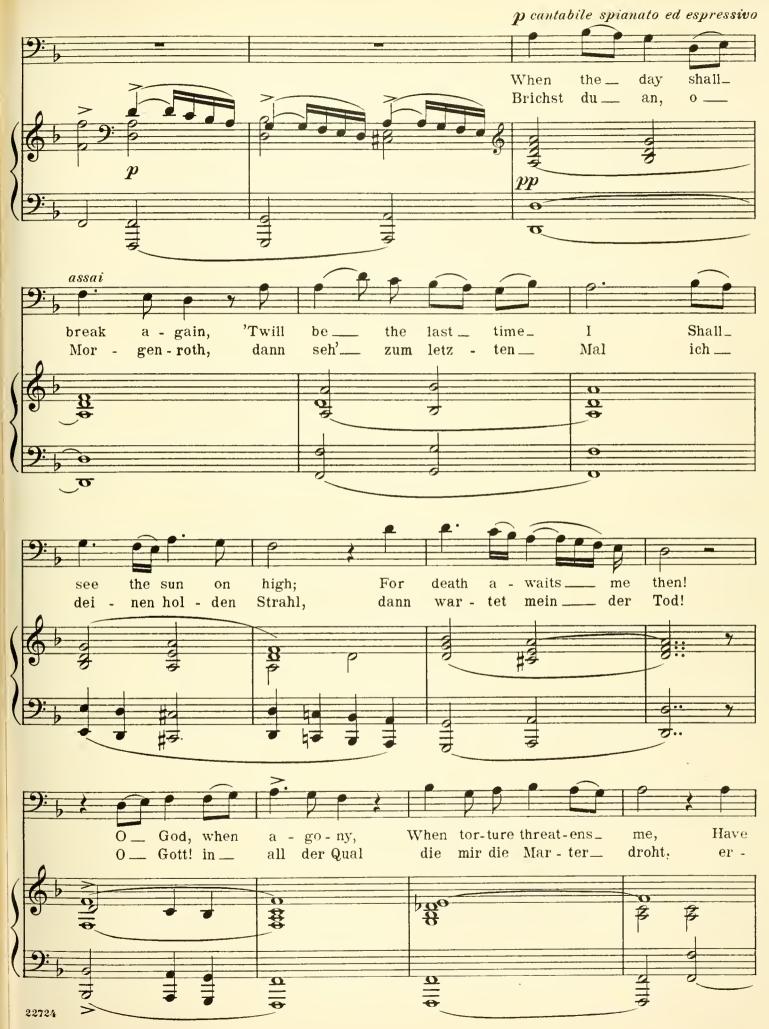
A Life for the Czar

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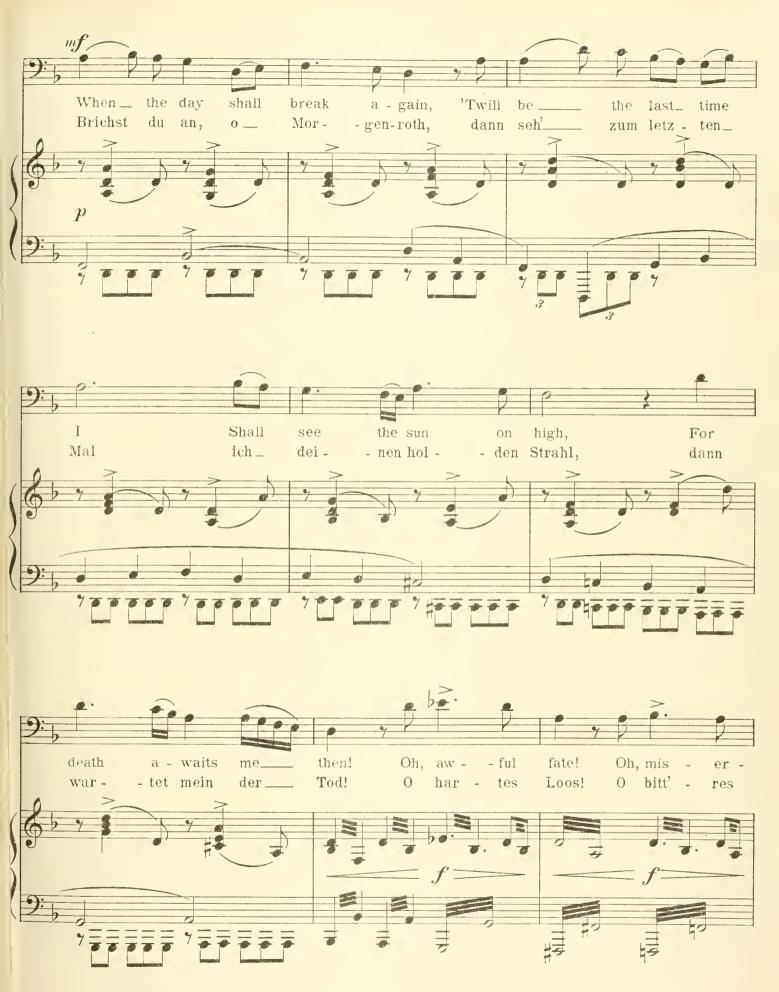
Aria of Soussanine

"The truth is suspected"







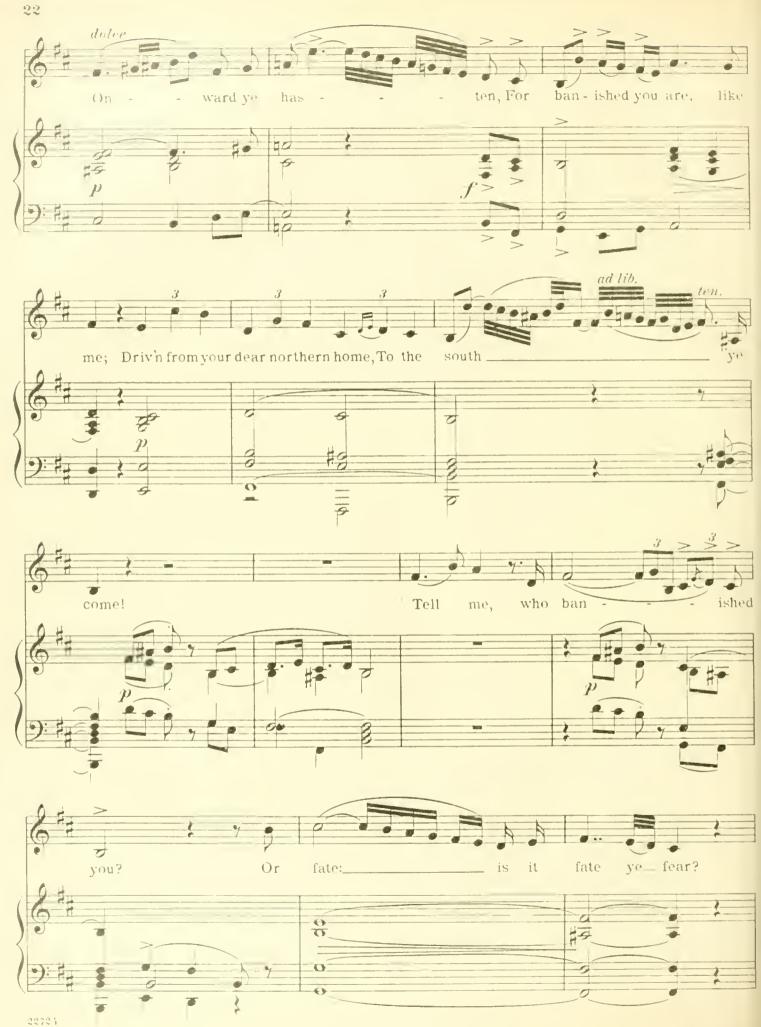


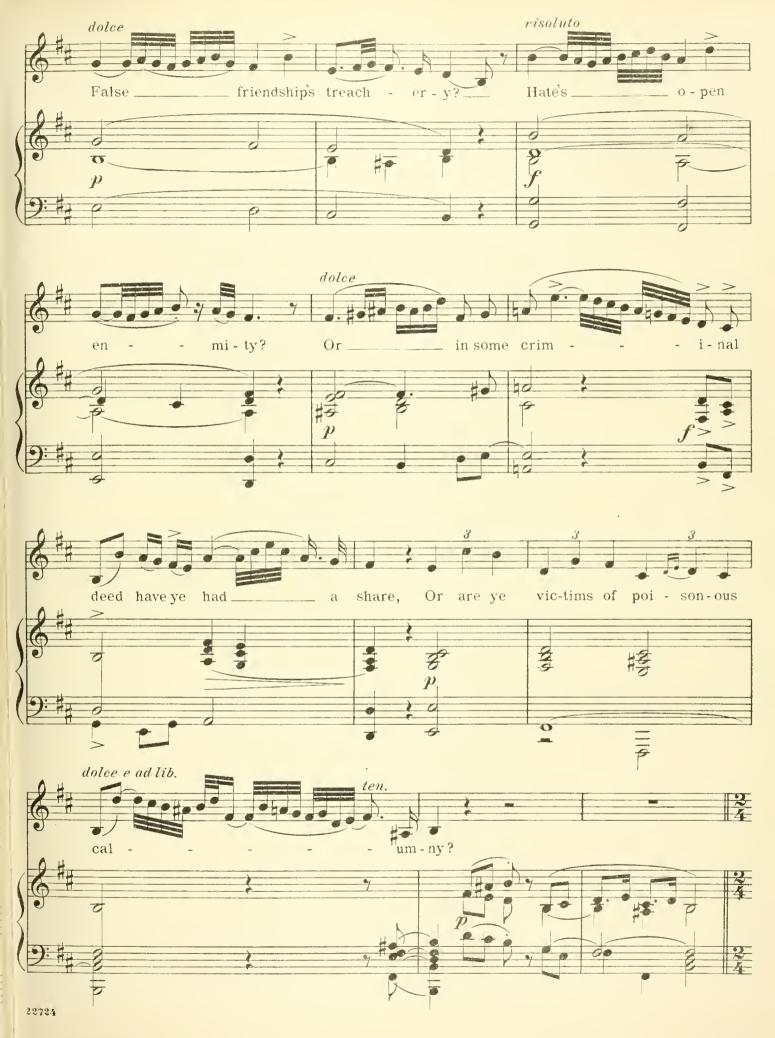


Heavenly Clouds

(M. Lermontoff)











"Ye dear, fleeting hours"

"Ihr flüchtigen Stunden"

English version by Henry G. Chapman

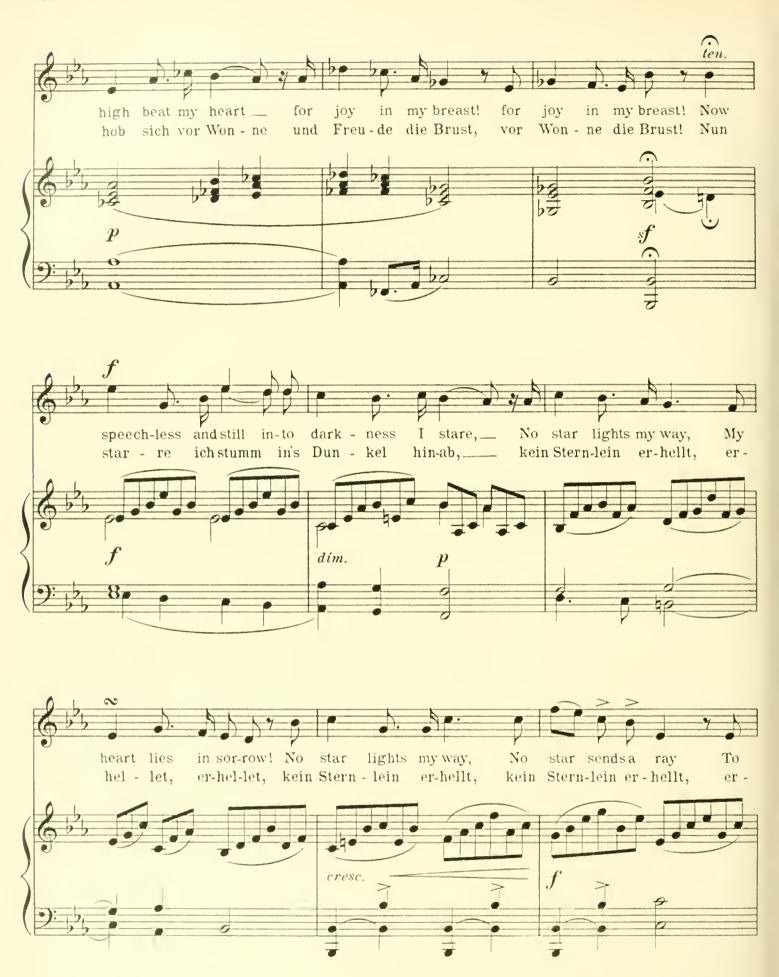
German words by Bruno

Elegie

Alexander Sergievitch Dargomijsky









Only Love!

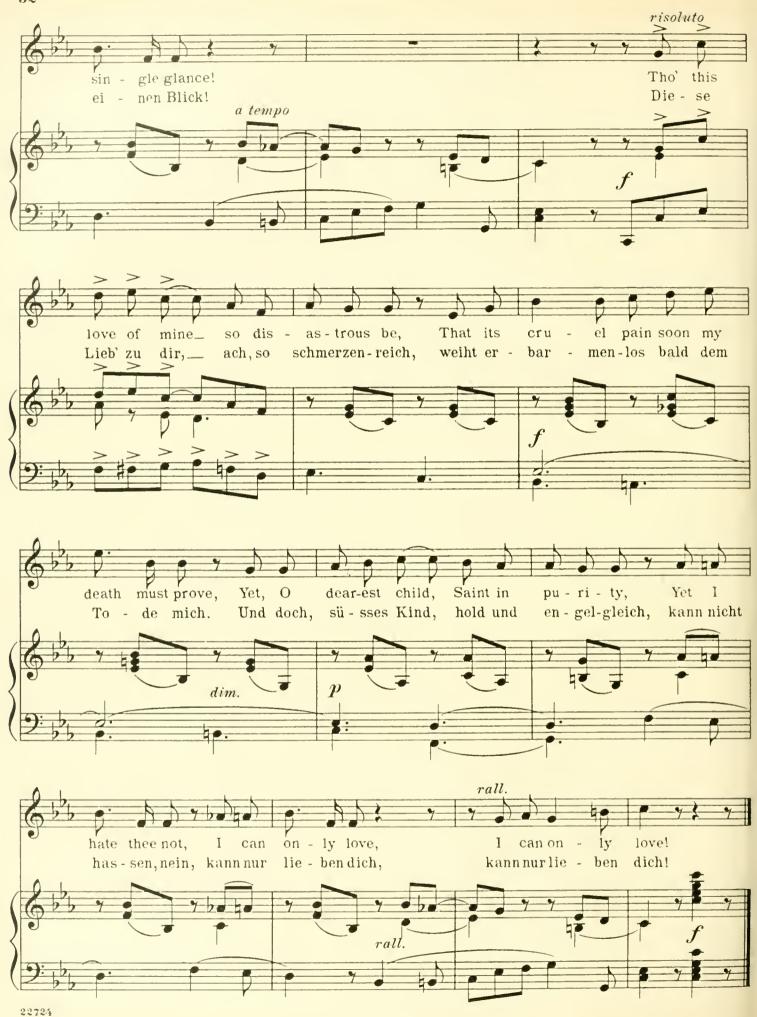
Nur lieben!

English version by Henry G. Chapman

Song





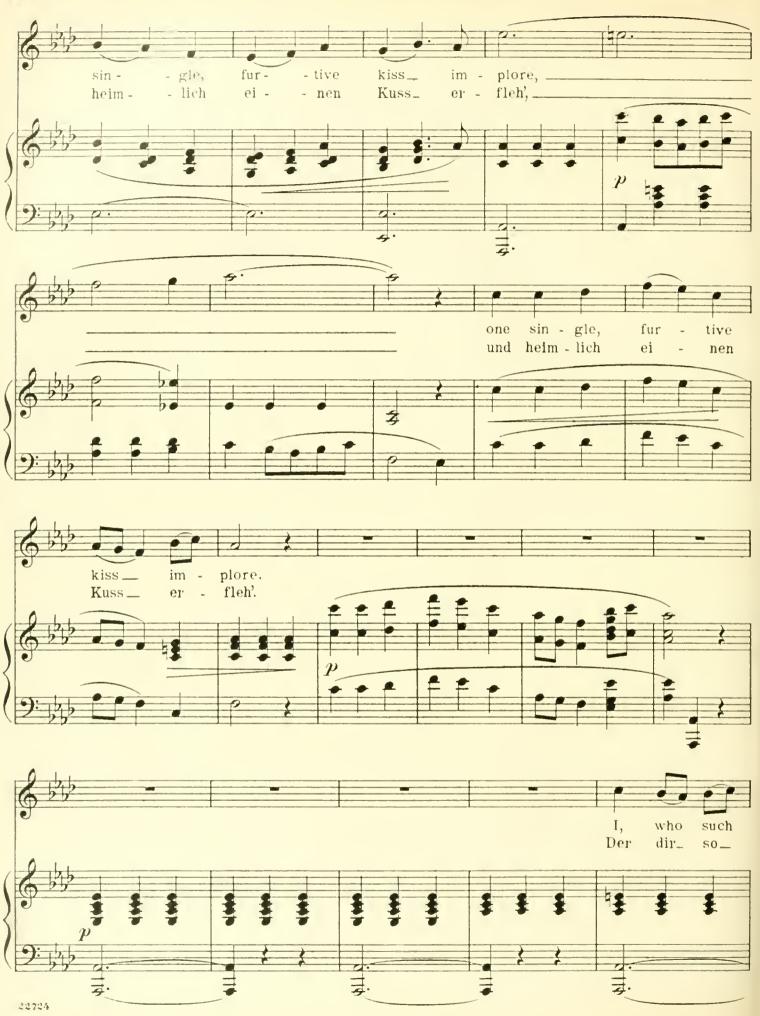


"Be not so coy, my pretty maid"

"Thu' nicht so spröde, schönes Kind"

(Mirza-Schaffy)











"When I see those little feet of thine"

"Seh' ich deine kleinen Füsschen an"

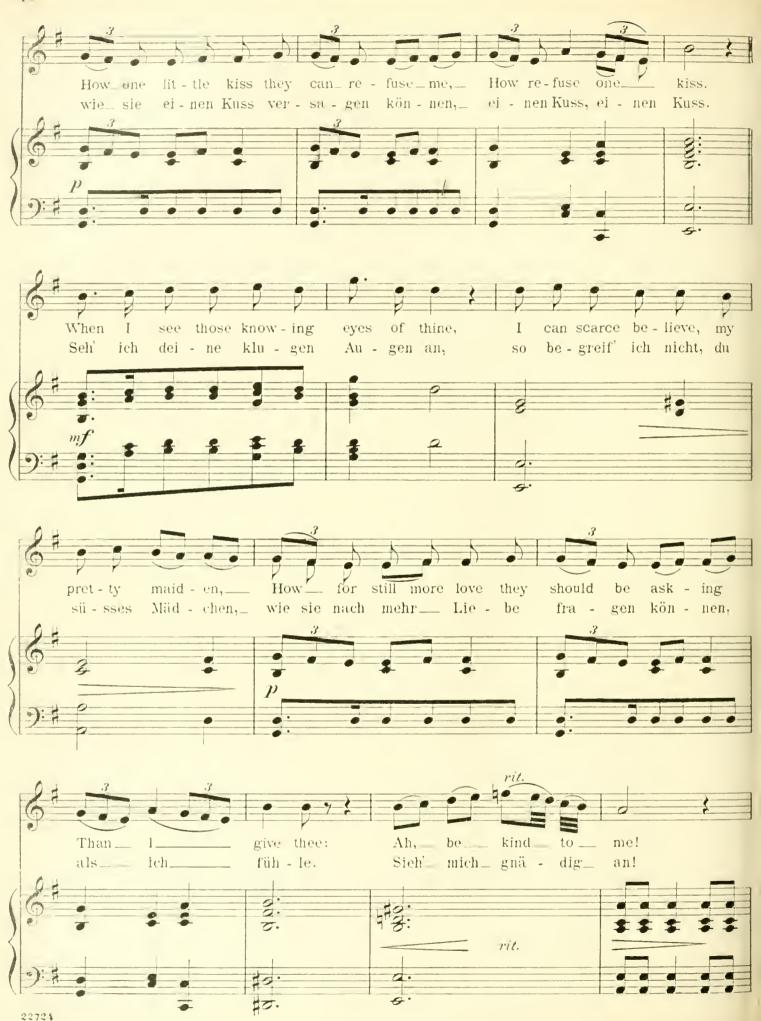
German words by F. Bodenstedt English version by Henry G. Chapman

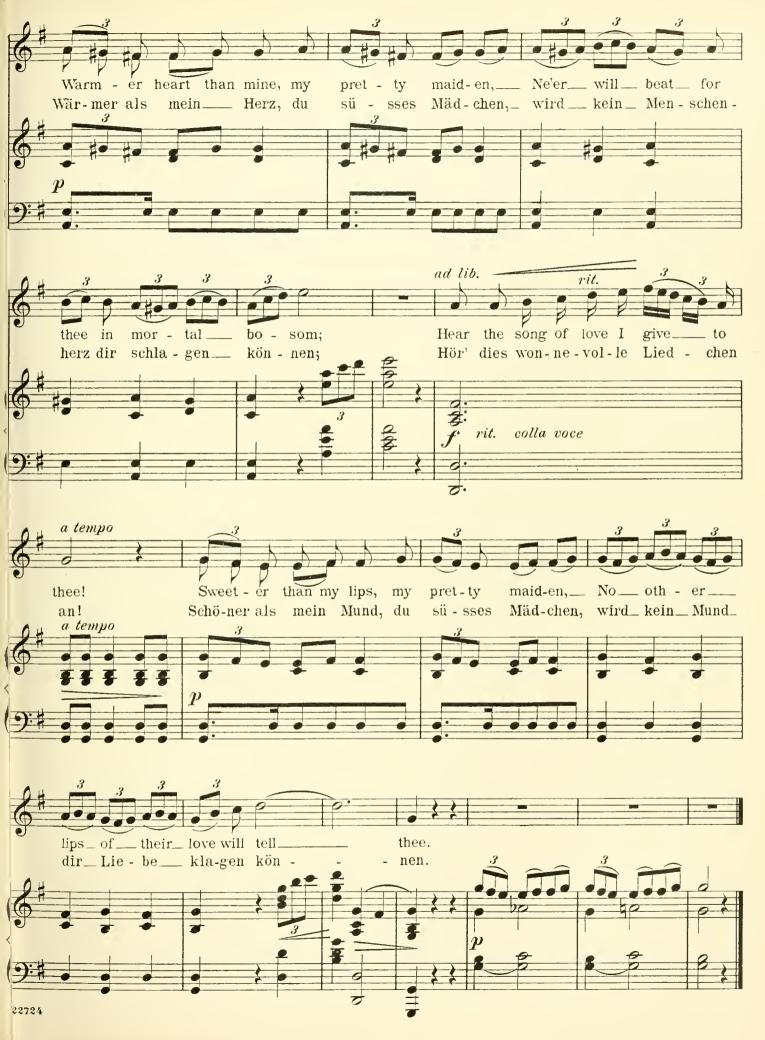
(Mirza-Schaffy)

Anton Rubinstein. Op. 34, Nº 3









"Not with angels"

"Nicht mit Engeln"

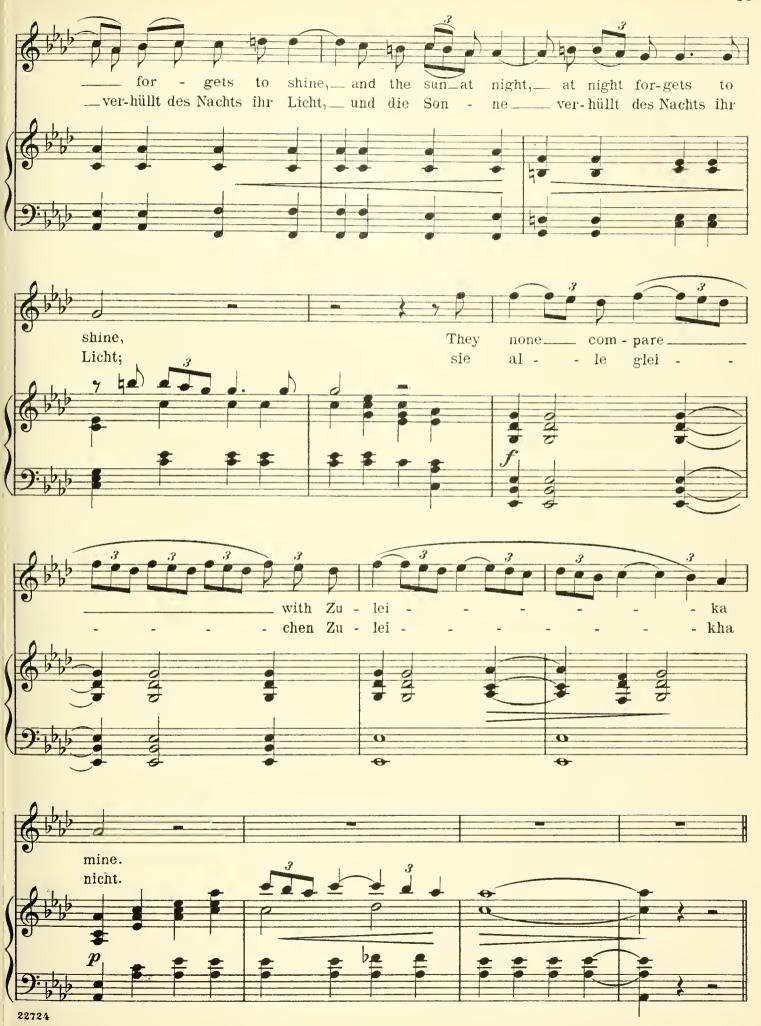
German words by F. Bodenstedt English version by







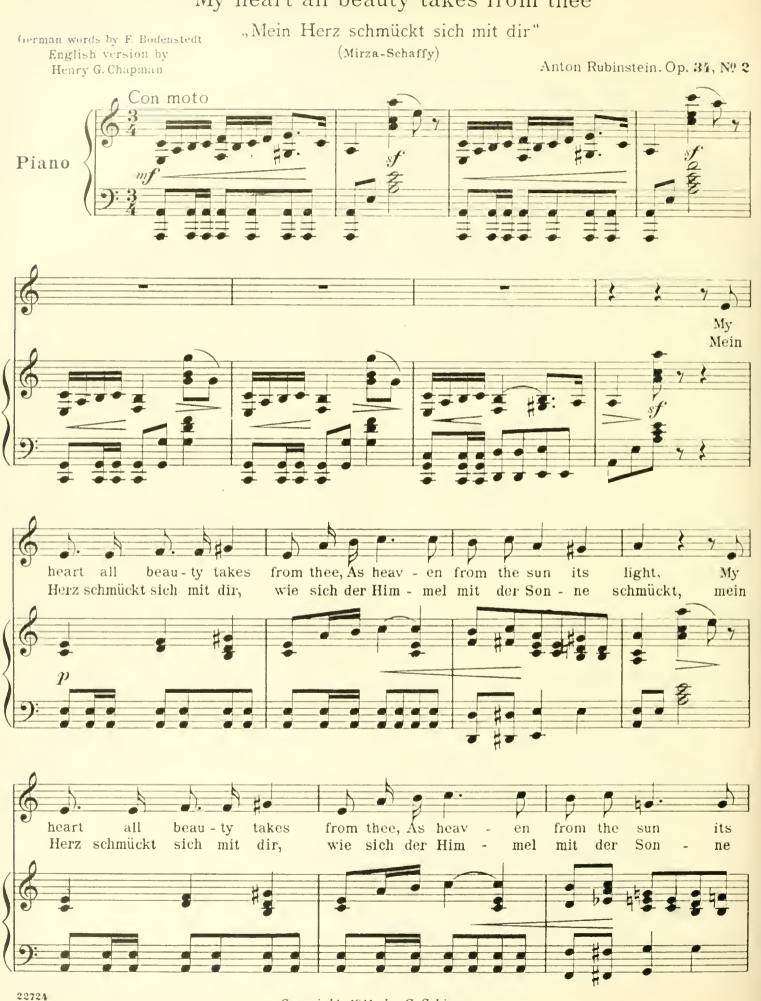








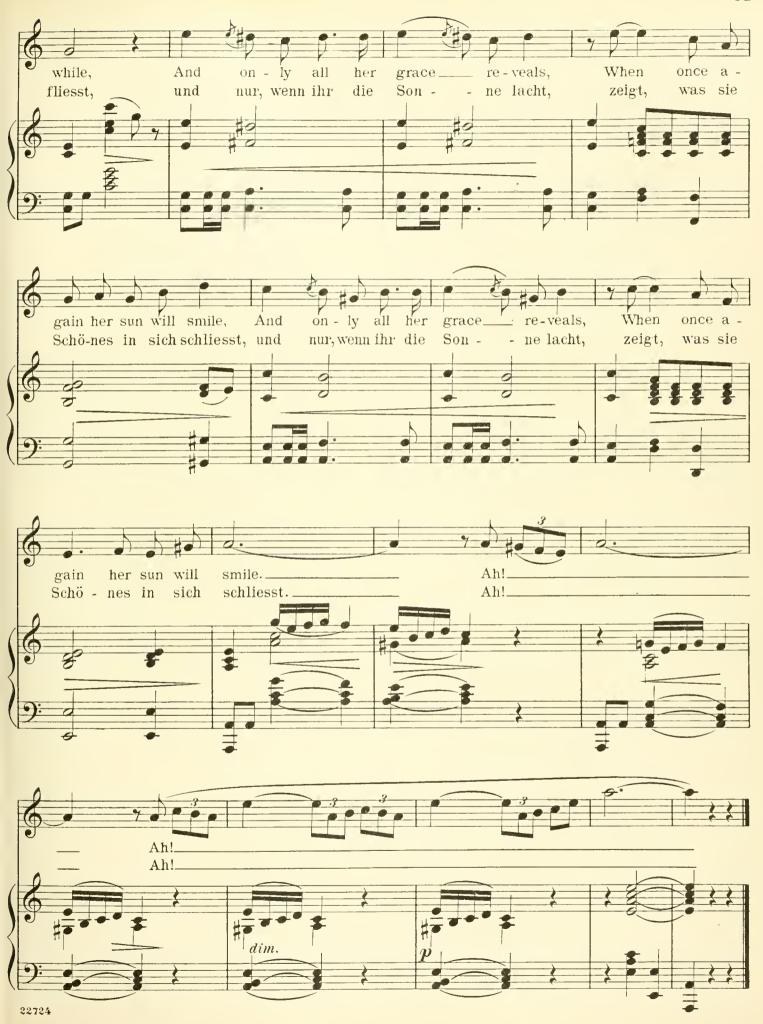
"My heart all beauty takes from thee"



Copyright, 1911, by G. Schirmer







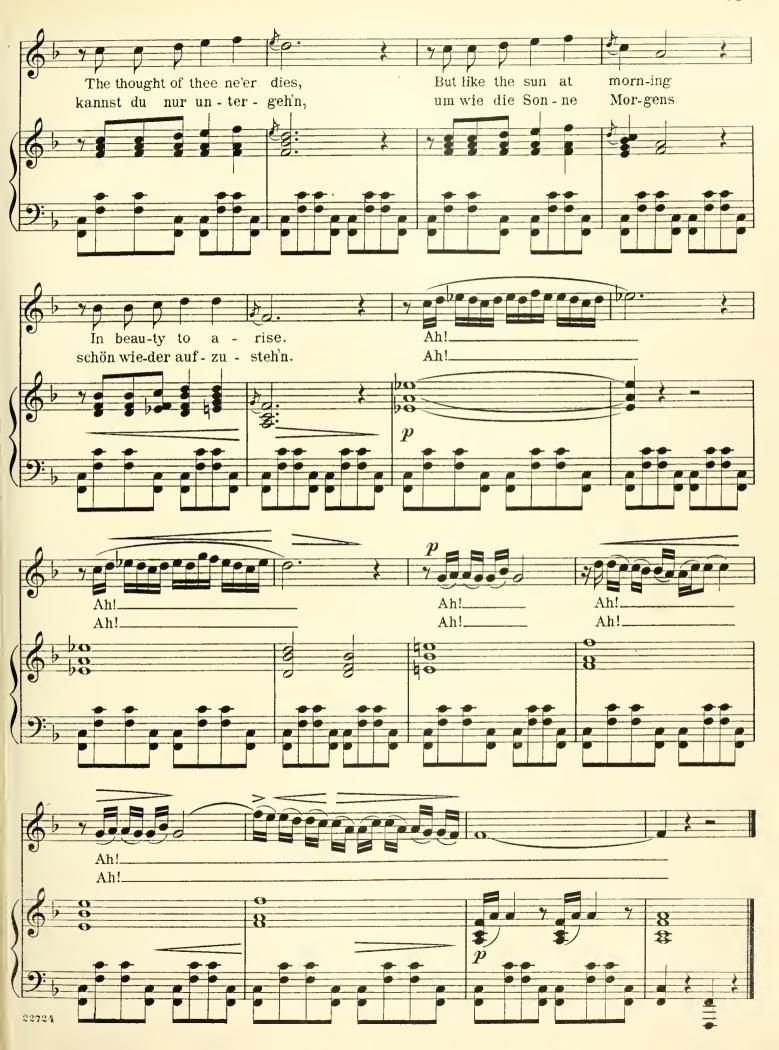
"I feel thy breath blow round me"

"Ich fühle deinen Odem"

German words by F. Bodenstedt English version by Henry G. Chapman

(Mirza-Schaffy)





"Bend, lovely bud"

"Neig', schöne Knospe"

Mirza-Schaffy)

English version by Henry G. Chapman

German words by F. Bodenstedt

Anton Rubinstein, Op. 34, Nº 8

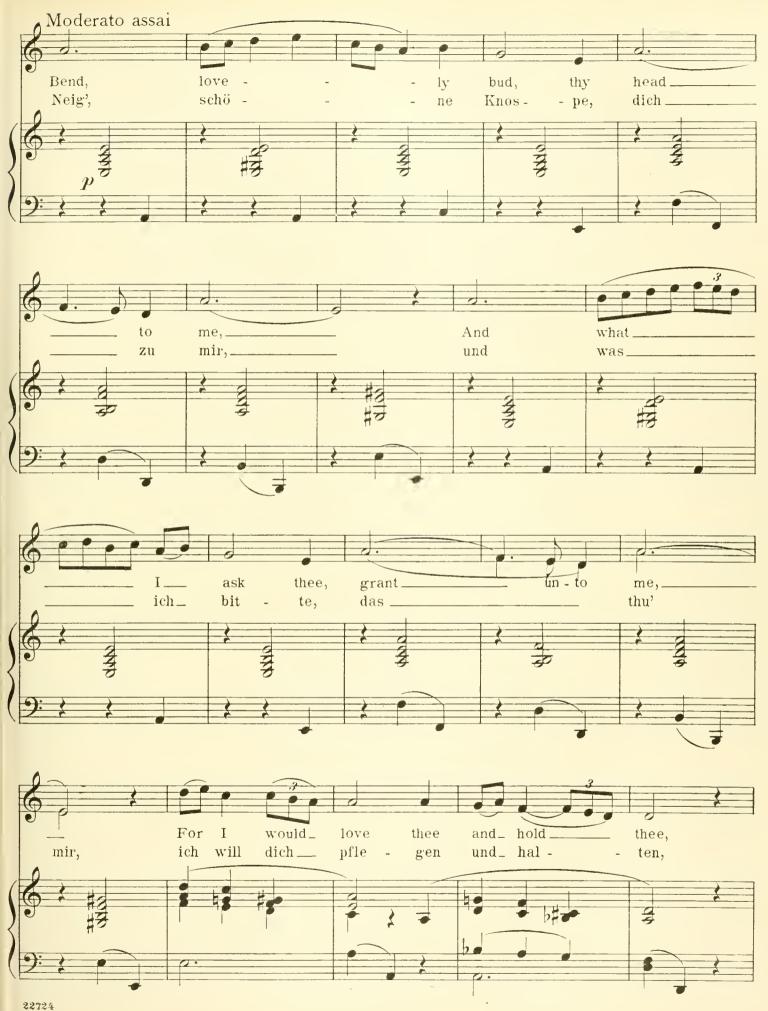




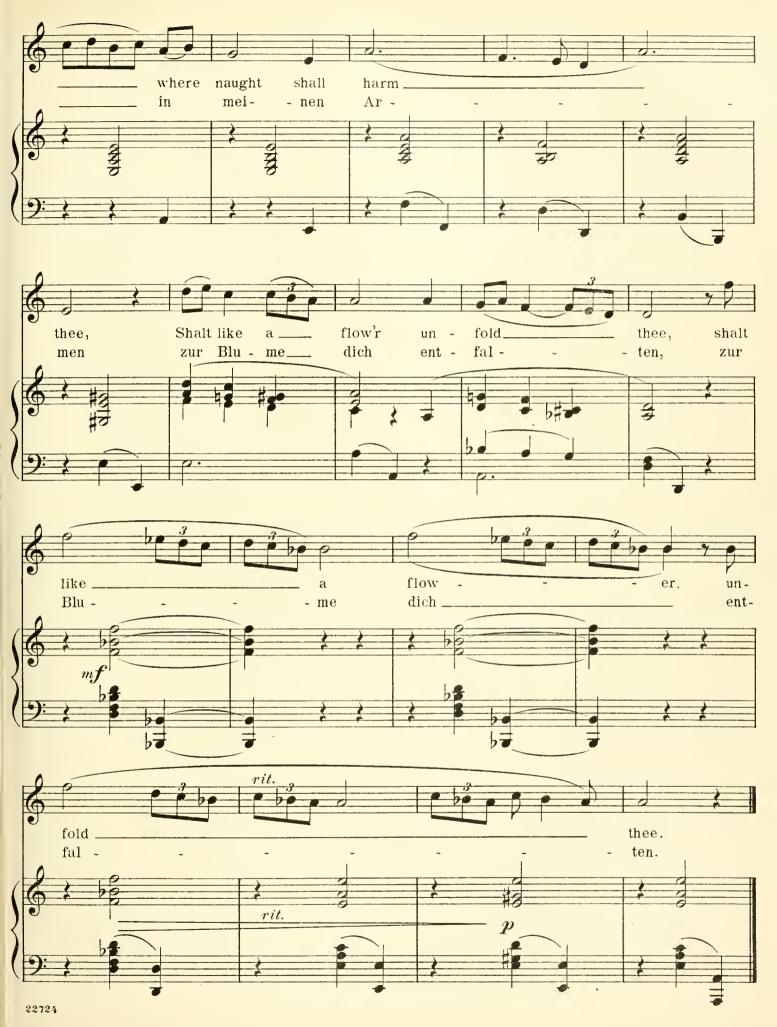












Song of the Dark Forest

Chanson de la Forêt Sombre







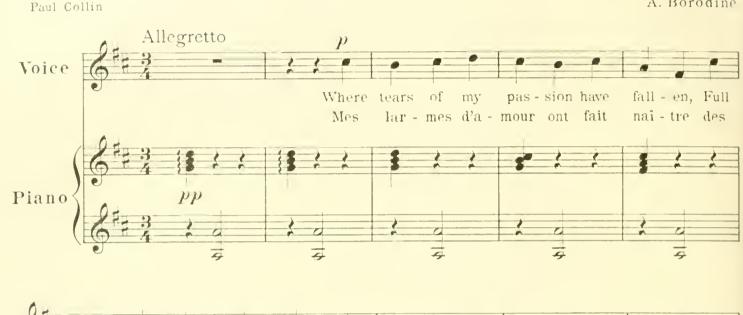


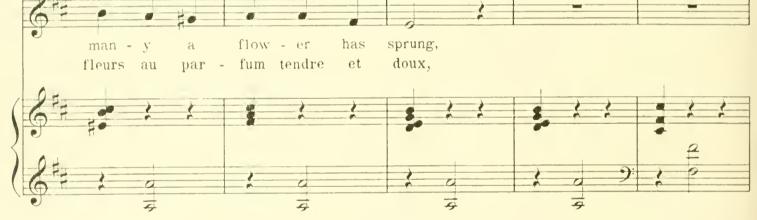
Flowers of Love

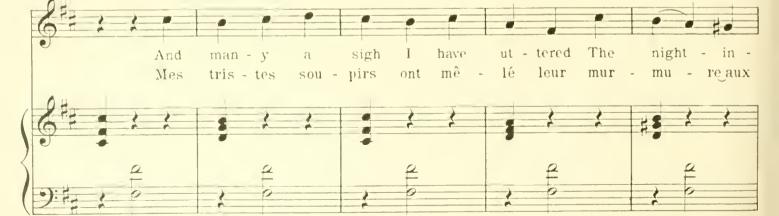
Fleurs d'Amour

English version by Henry G. Chapman French words by Paul Collin

A. Borodine









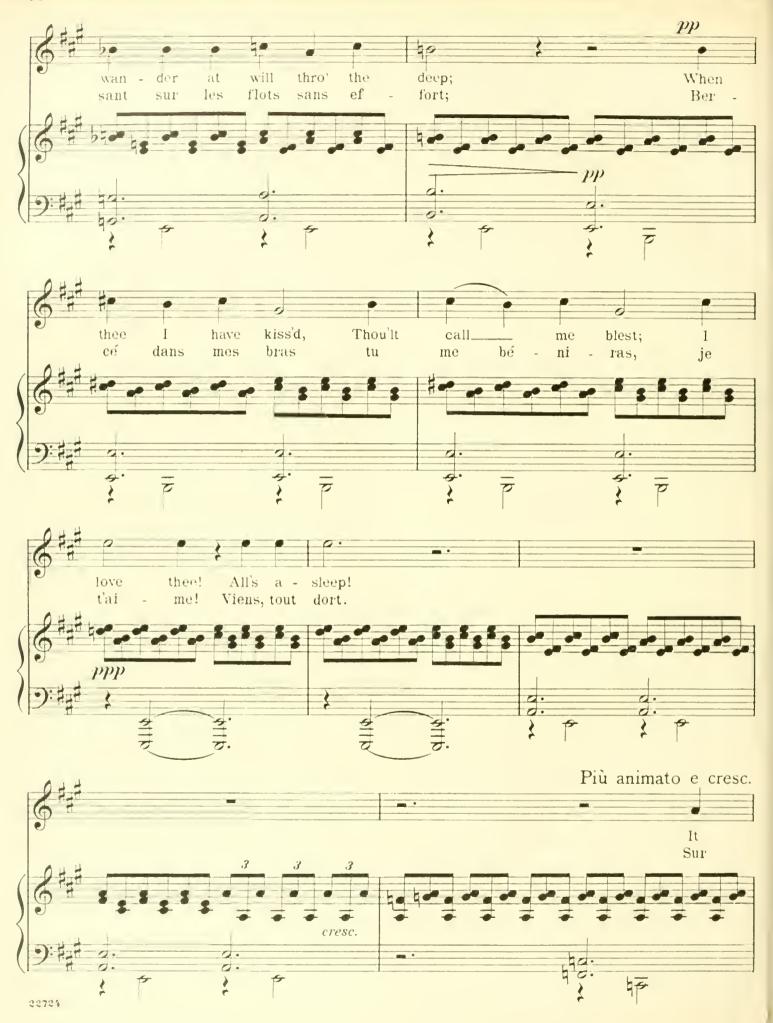
The Sea - Queen

La Reine de la Mer

English version by Henry G. Chapman French words by C. Grandmougin









A Dissonance

Romance

English version by Kurt Schindler

A. Borodine



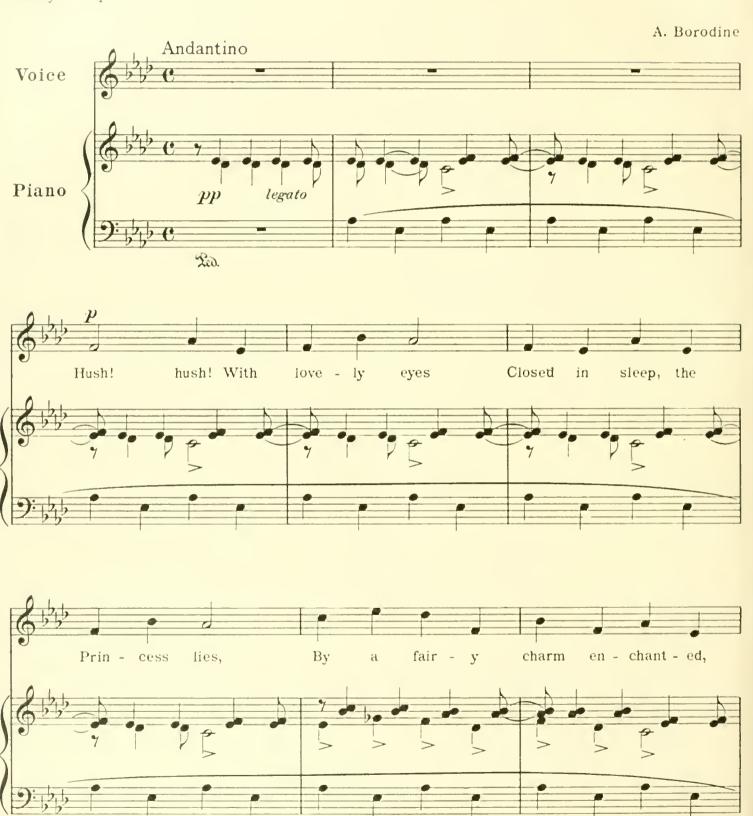


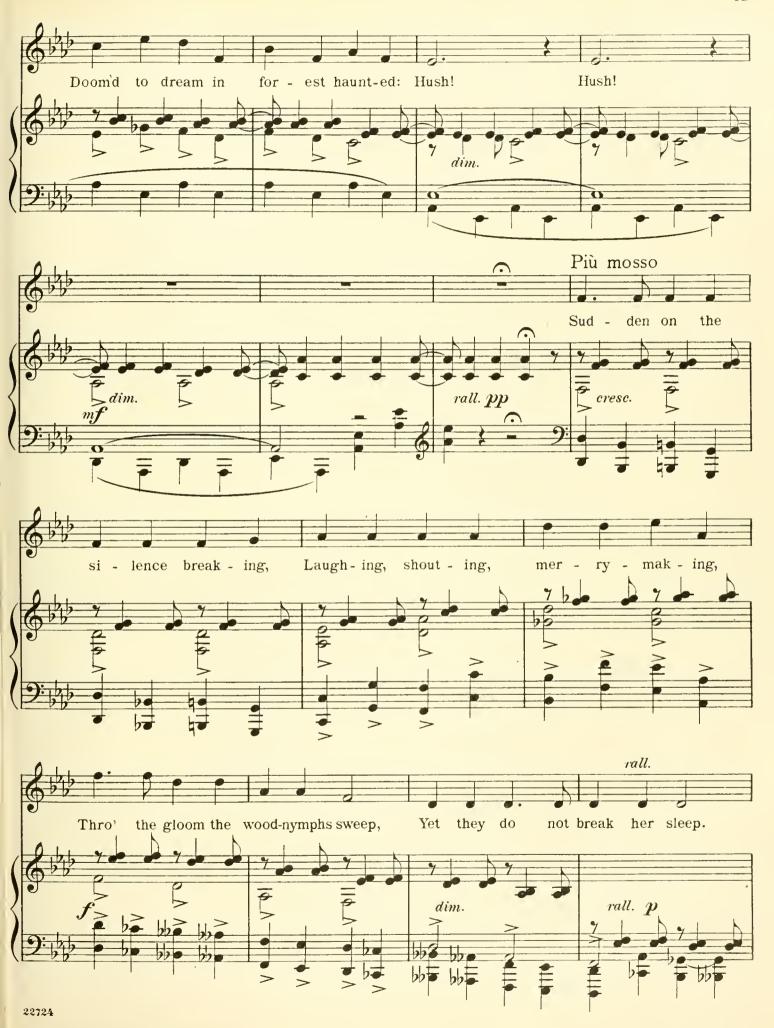


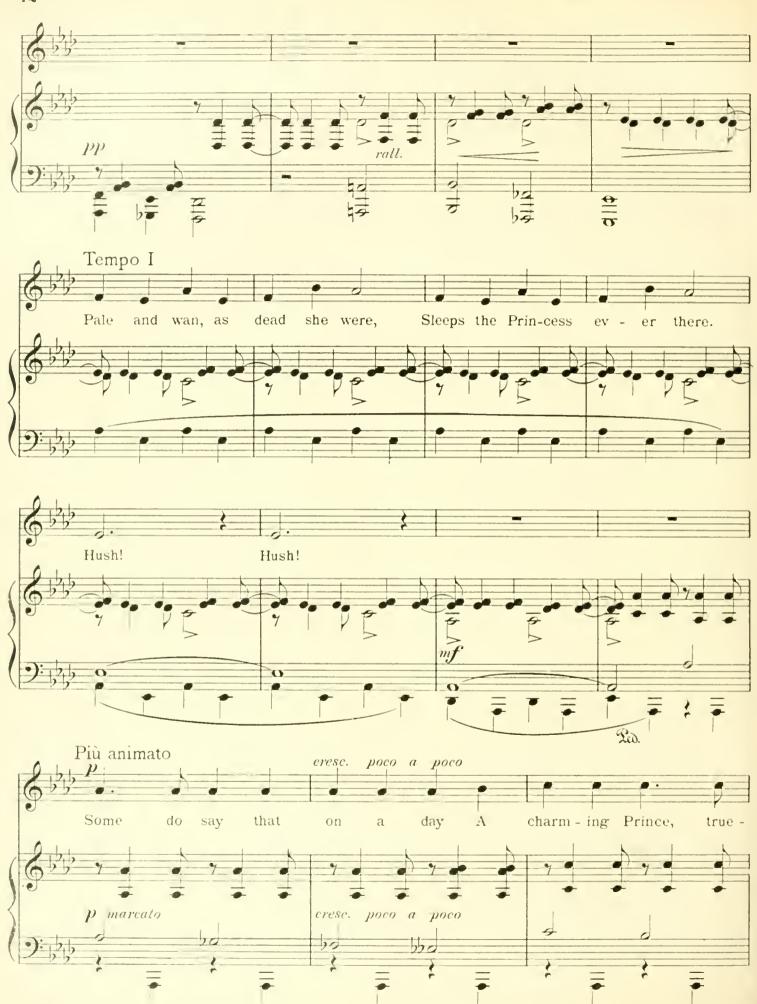
The Sleeping Princess

Ballade

English version by Henry G. Chapman













"Slowly the daylight departs"

«Lentement baissa le jour»

English version by Henry G.Chapman Recitative and Cavatina from the opera















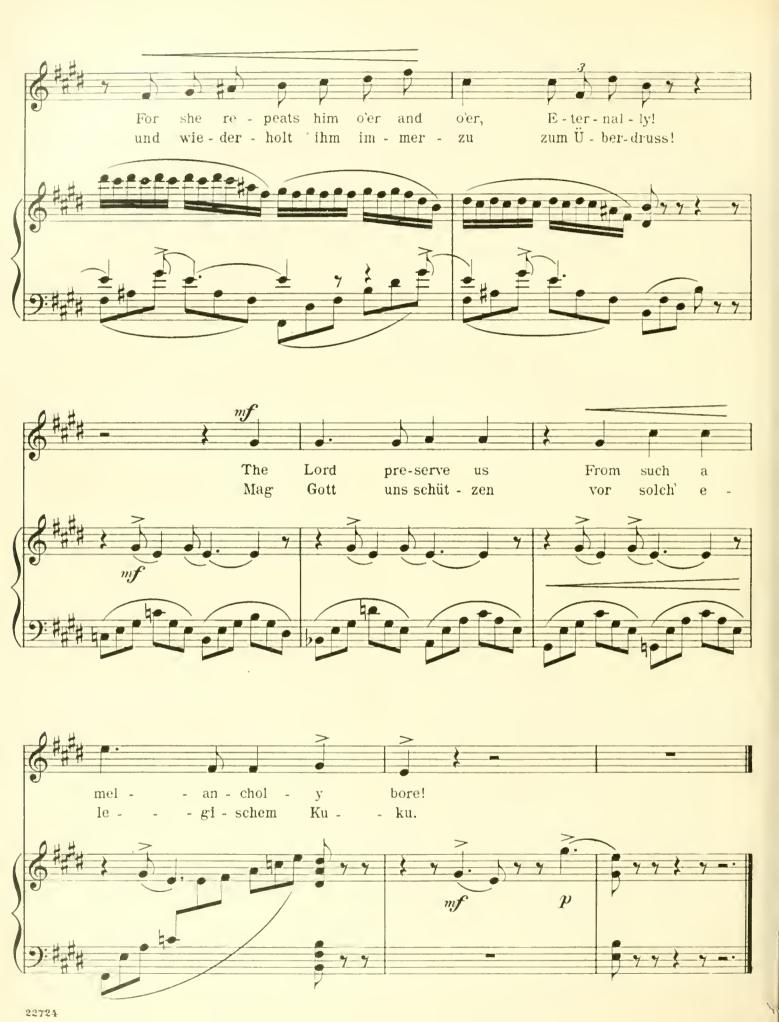


----- OF OUTLY OF HITH VOOV

Poet and Critic

Nachtigall und Kukuk English version by (A. S. Pushkin) Henry G. Chapman German words by César Antonovitch Cui. Op. 57, Nº 22 L. Esbeer Andantino (. () = 72) Piano When woods_ are dark and late the hour, Näch Sän singt. ger dunk - ler the Spring - tide's pow min strel lauds_ er; Wald. der Früh - lings-mäch war -Er pfeift und schlägt.



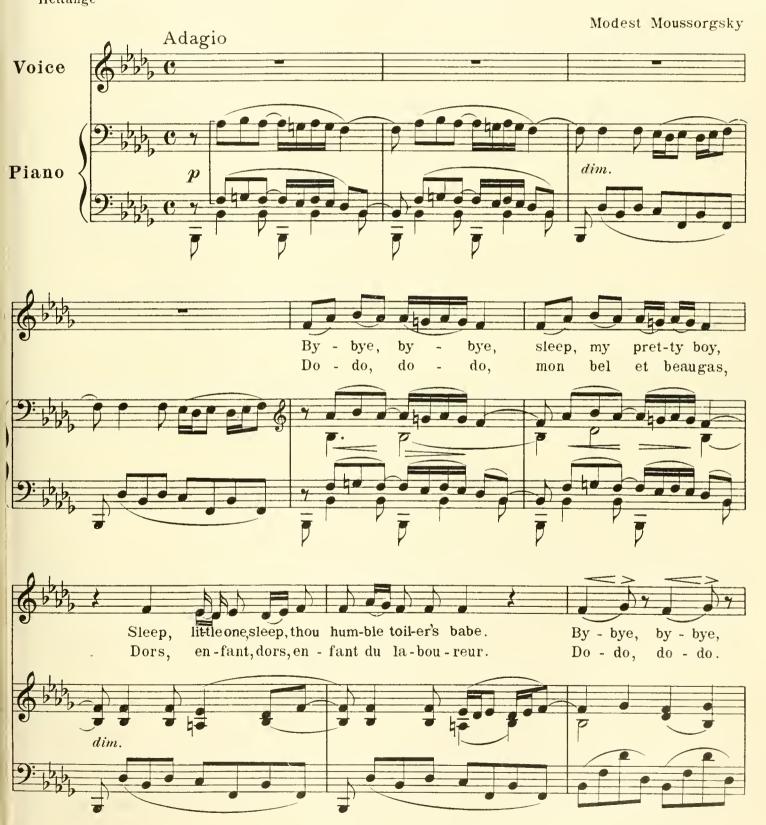


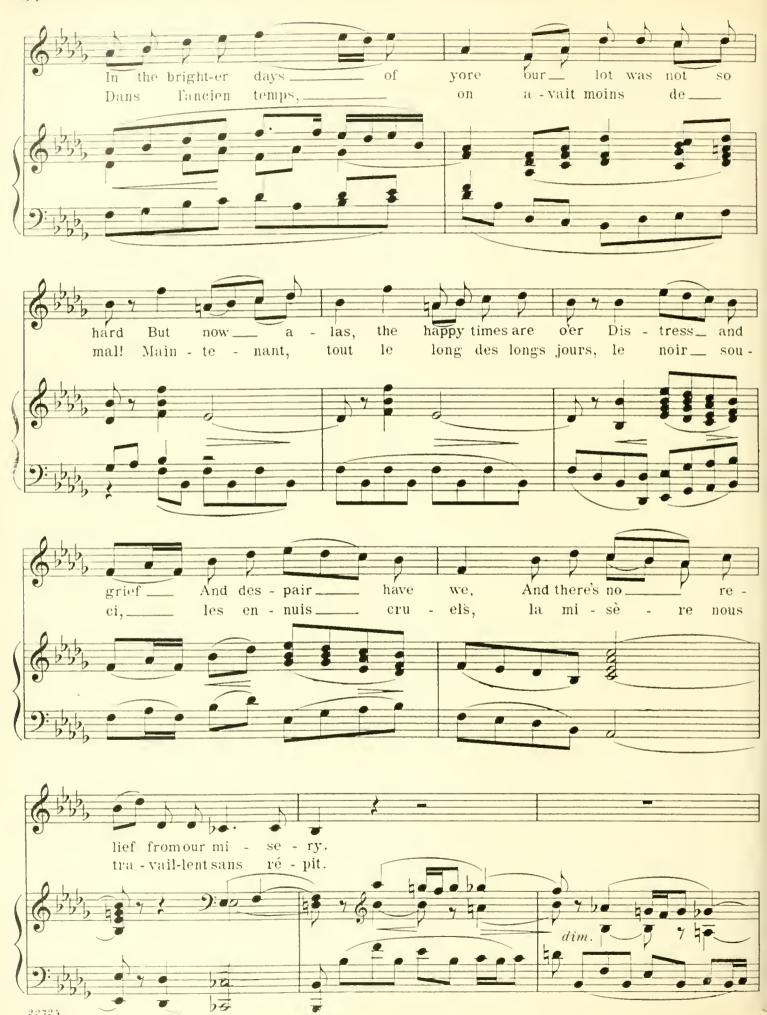
Peasant Cradle-Song

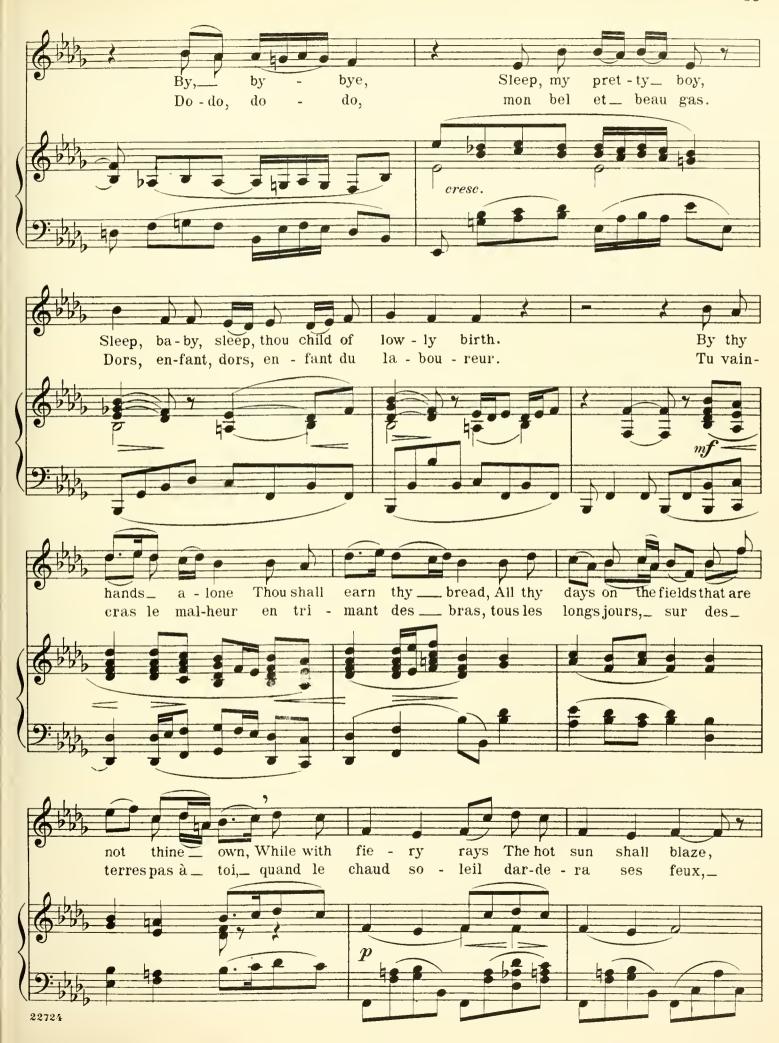
Berceuse du Paysan

English version by Henry G. Chapman French version by Hettange

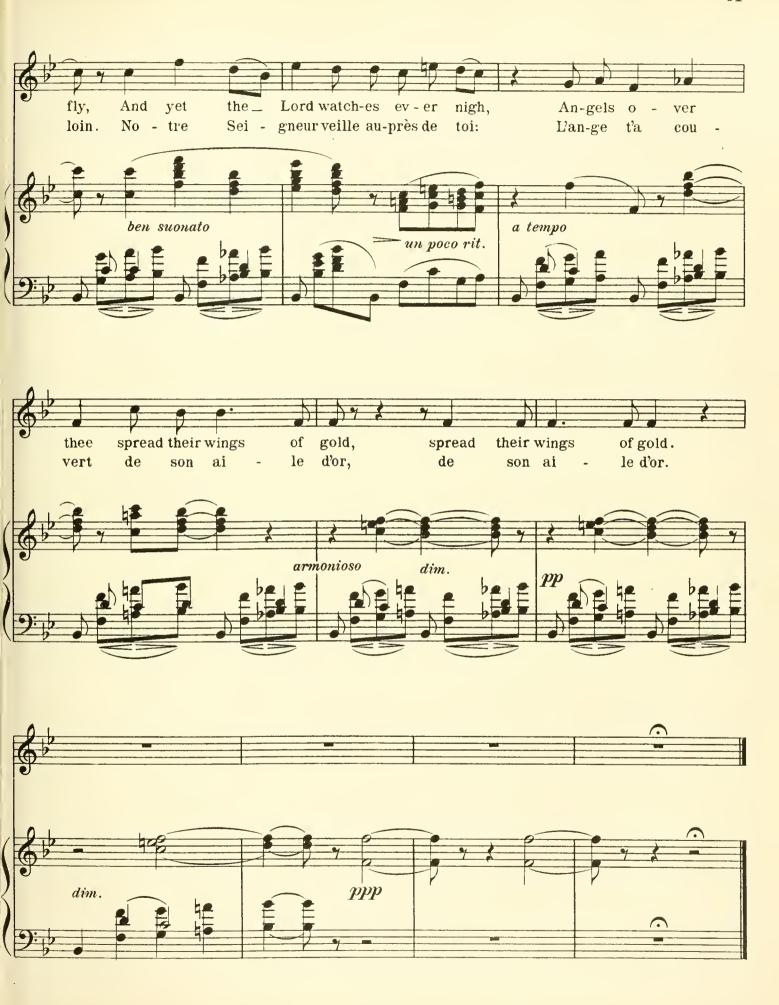
From the drama "Voyevoda," by Ostrowski



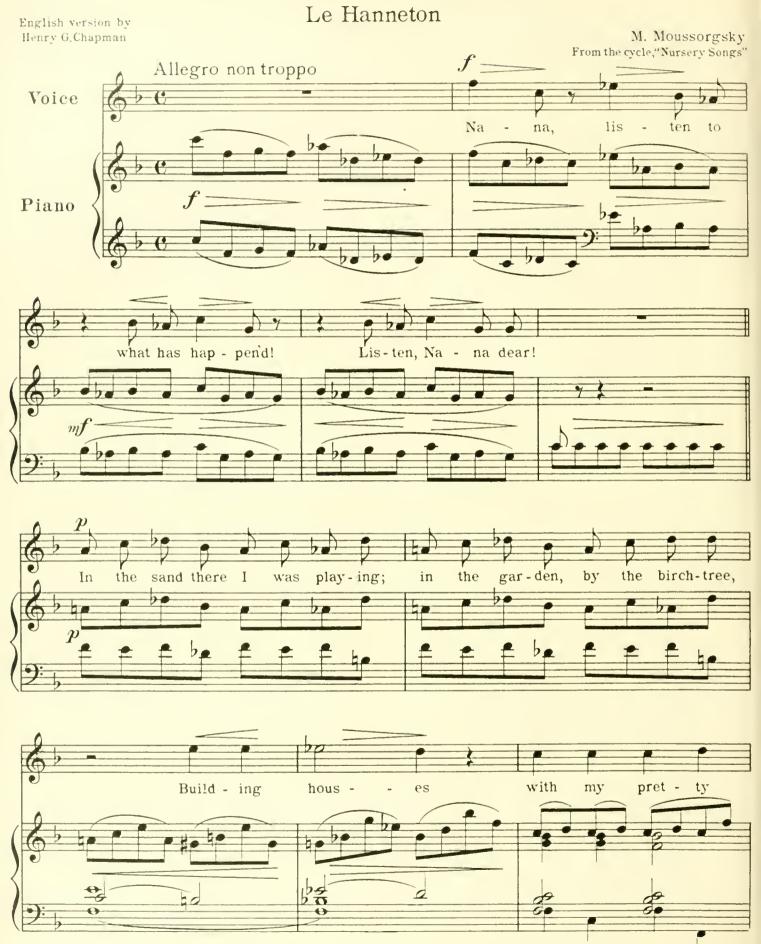


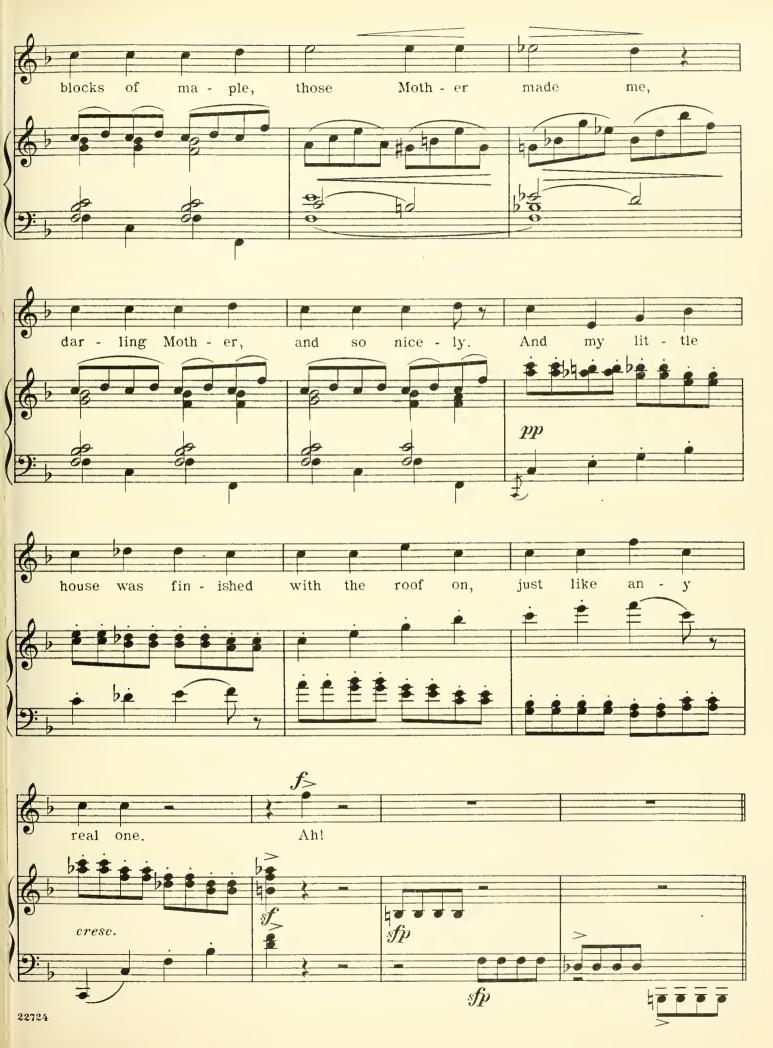




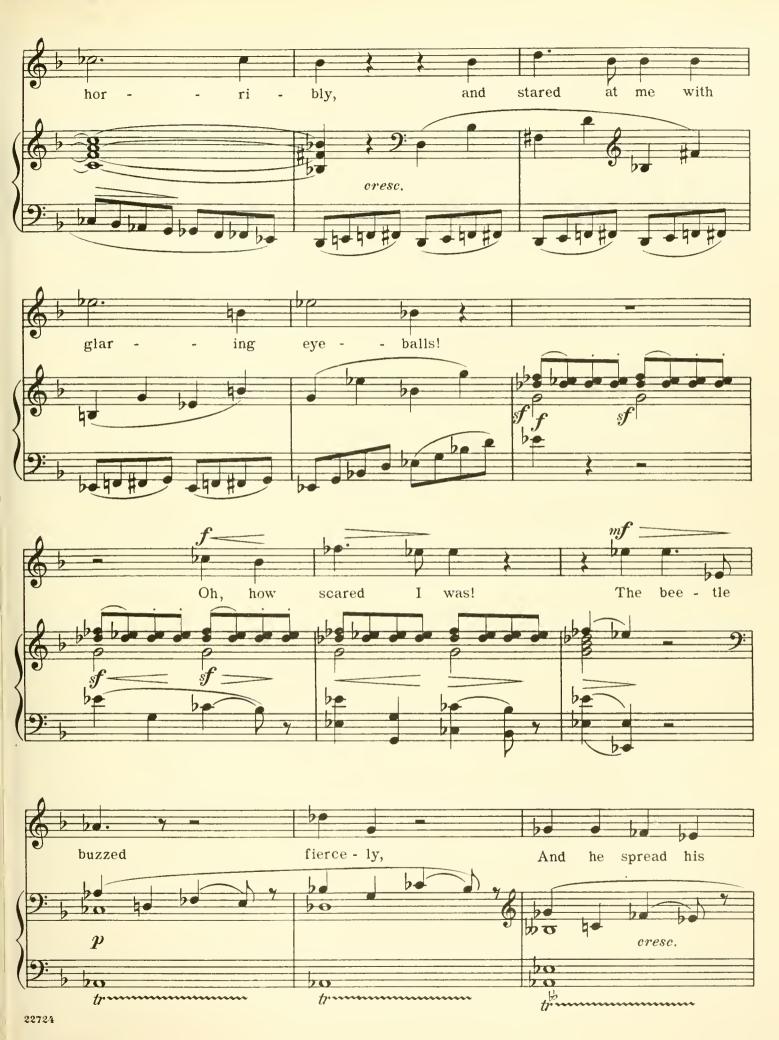


The Beetle



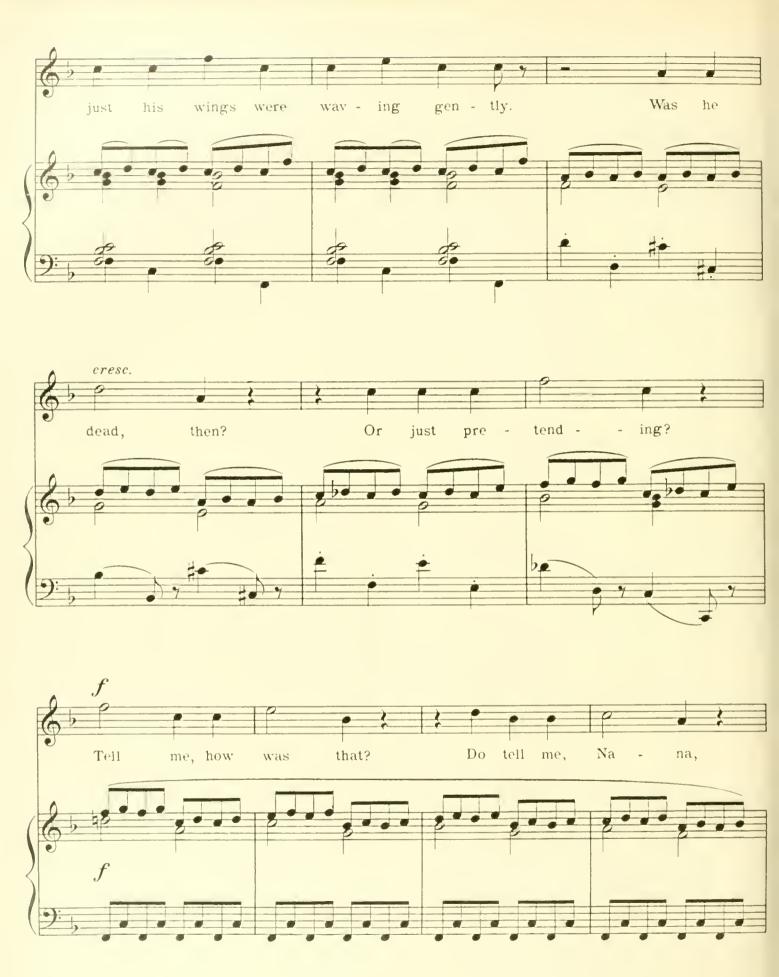


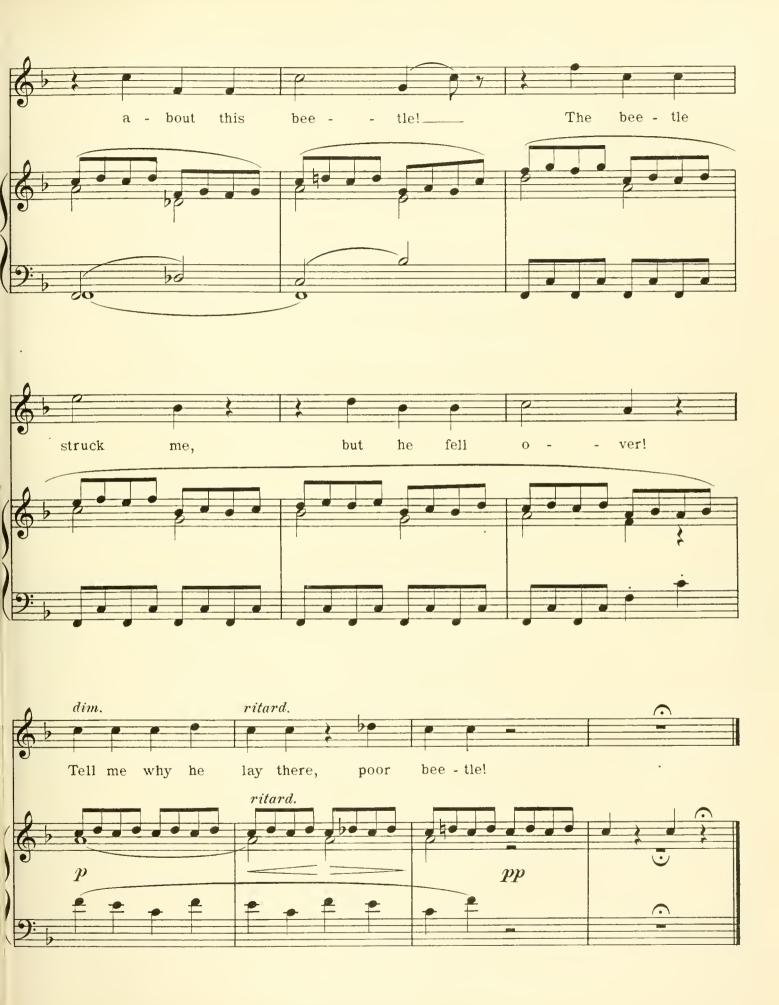












Child's Song

Chanson d'Enfant

English version by Henry G. Chapman French words by Hettange

(L. Mey)

Modest Moussorgsky



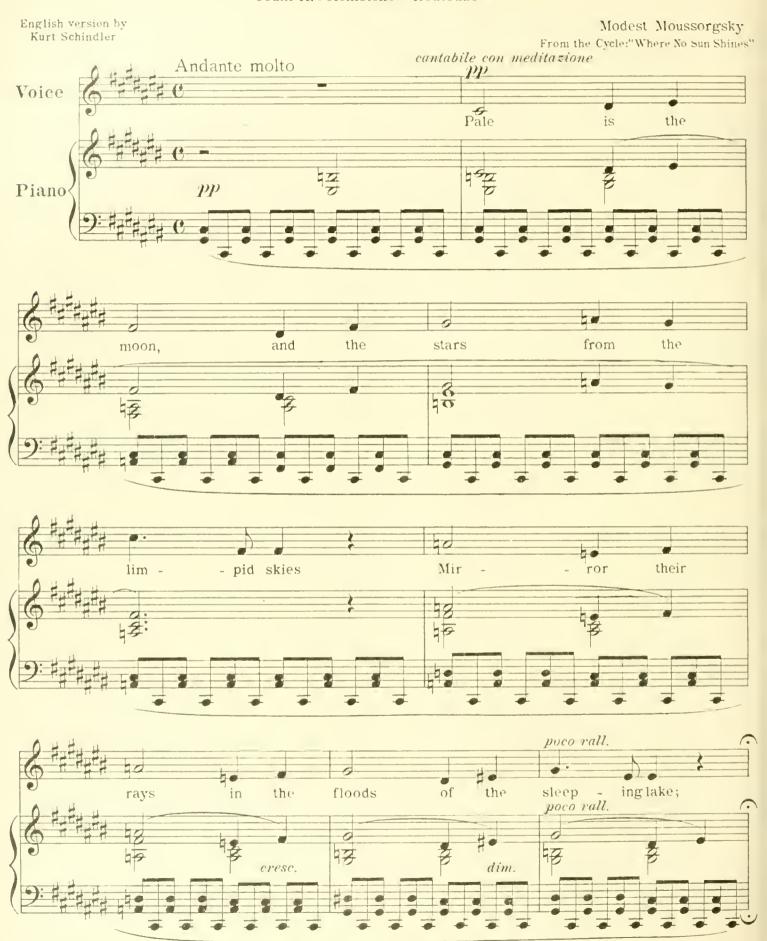






By the Water

(Count A. Golenistchew-Koutouzow)













PROPERTY OF PITY OF MENY VODE

Divination by Water*

La Divination par l'eau

English version by Kurt Schindler

French version by

From the opera "Khovanstchina"



*(Martha, a young woman of the sect of the "Old Believers," gifted with second-sight, reads, in a silver basin filled with water, the fortune of Prince Golitsyne.)

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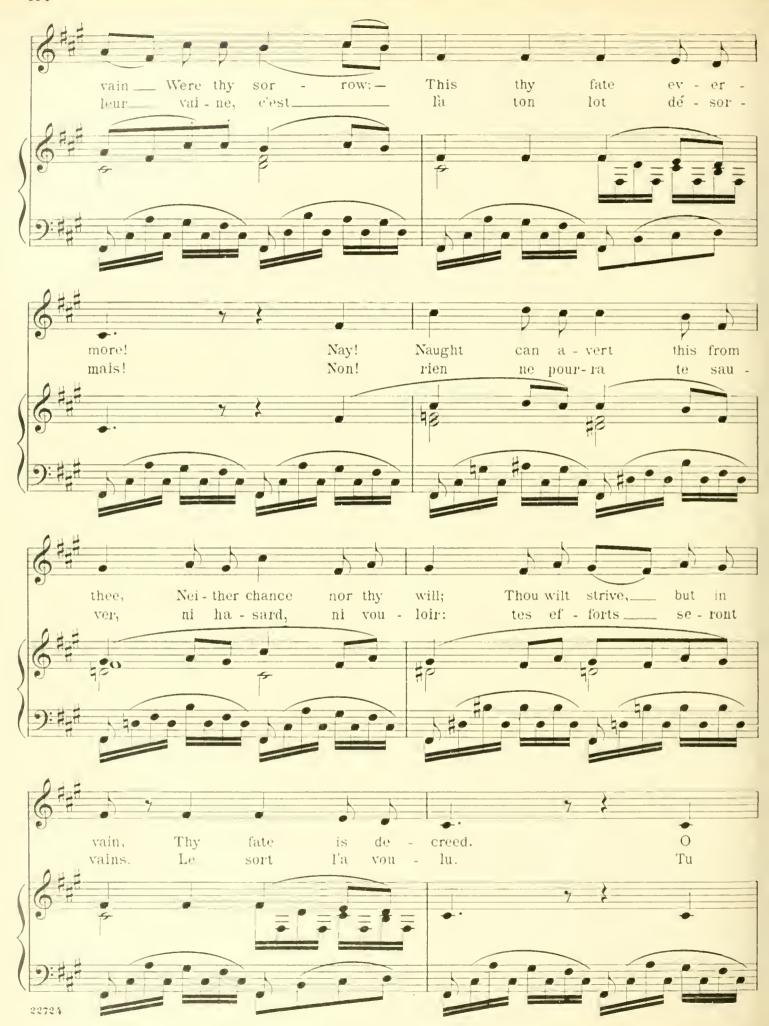














DRODERSY OF DIST OF MEN VODY

Death and the Peasant

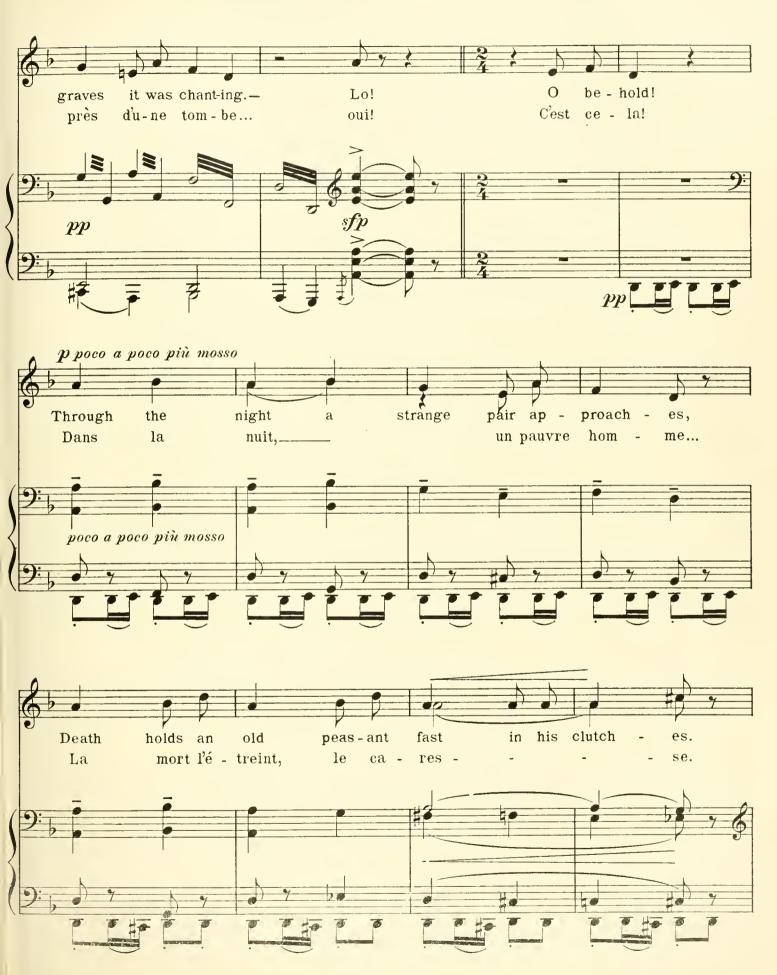
La Mort et le Paysan

Trepak

(Count Golenistchew-Koutousow)

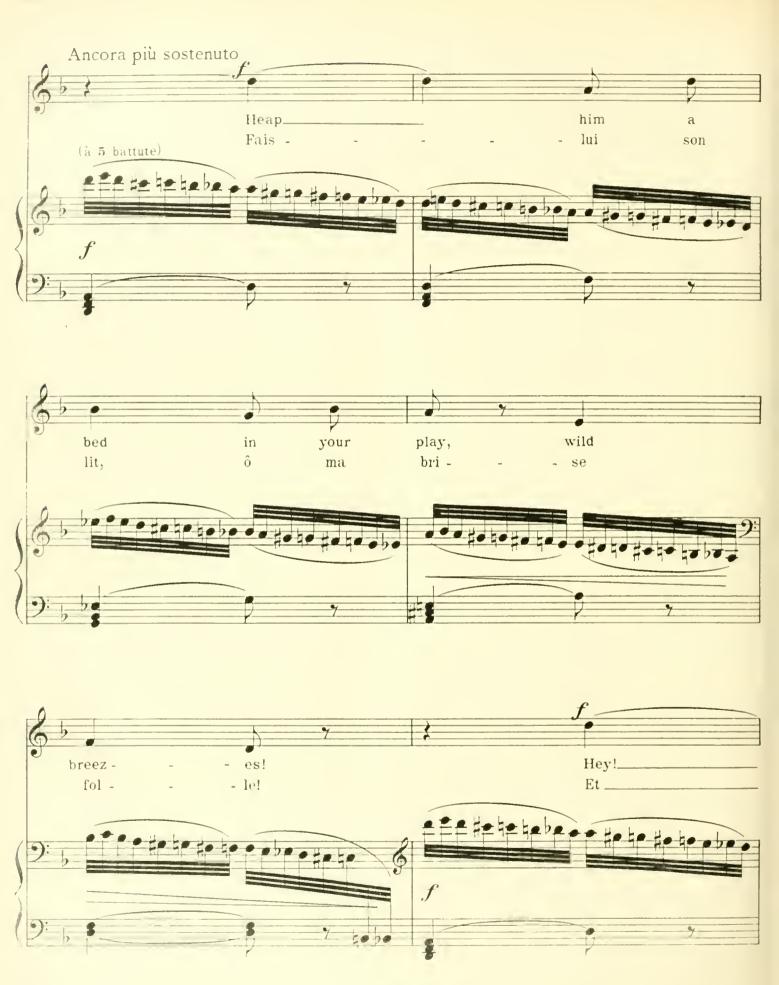
English version by Kurt Schindler and H.G.Chapman





















Martha's Song

Chant de Marthe

English version by Henry G. Chapman French version by Hettange

From the opera "Khovanstchina"











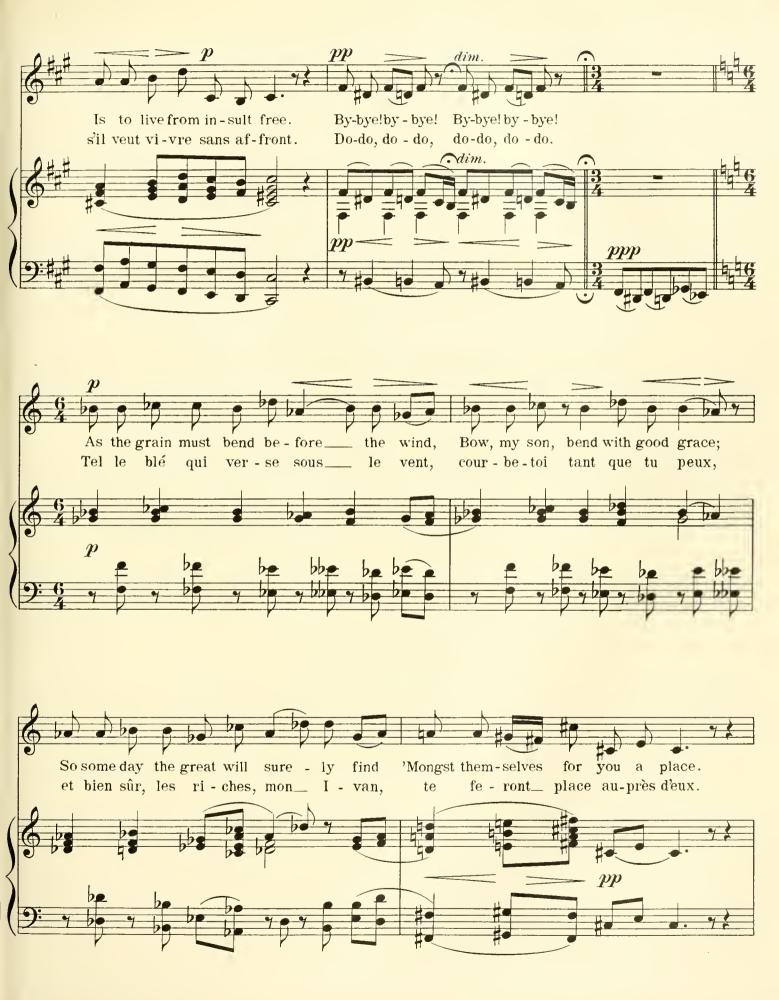


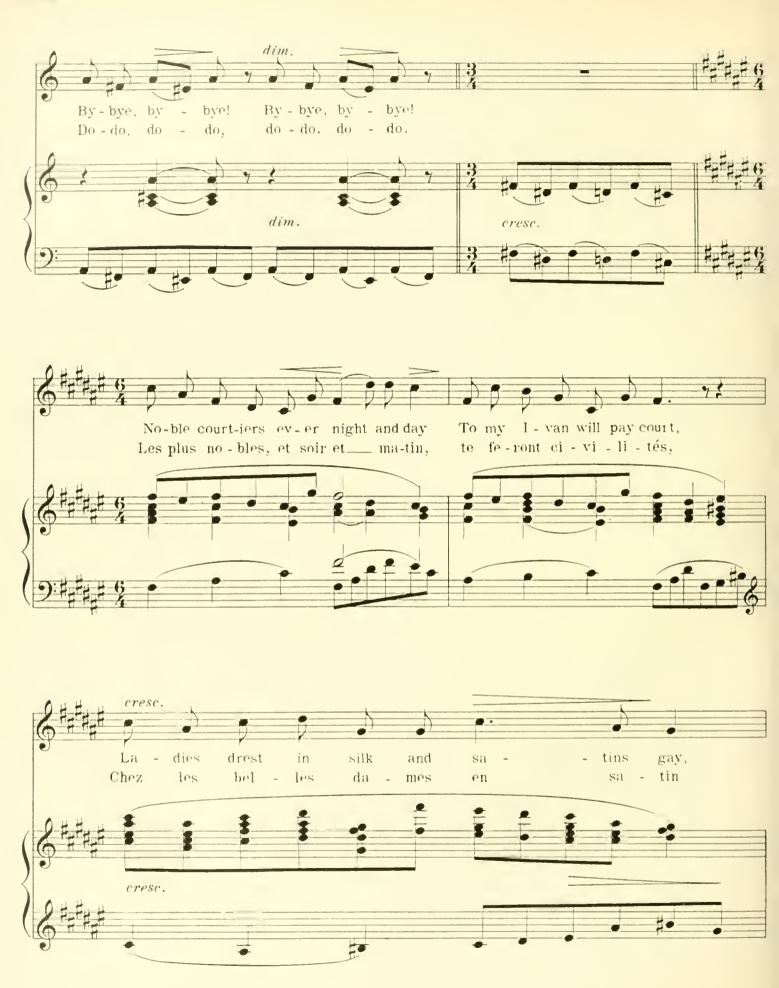
Cradle-Song of the Poor

La Berceuse du pauvre

French Words by Hettange English version by Henry G. Chāpman









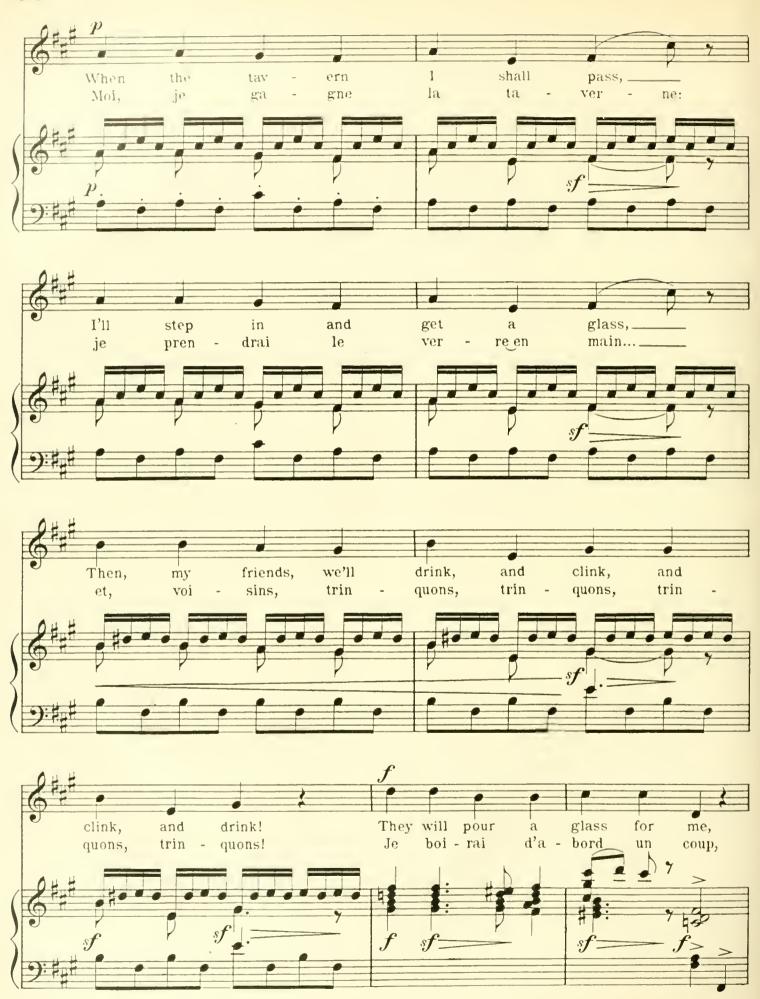
Hopak

French words by Hettange English version by Henry G. Chapman

Modest Moussorgsky



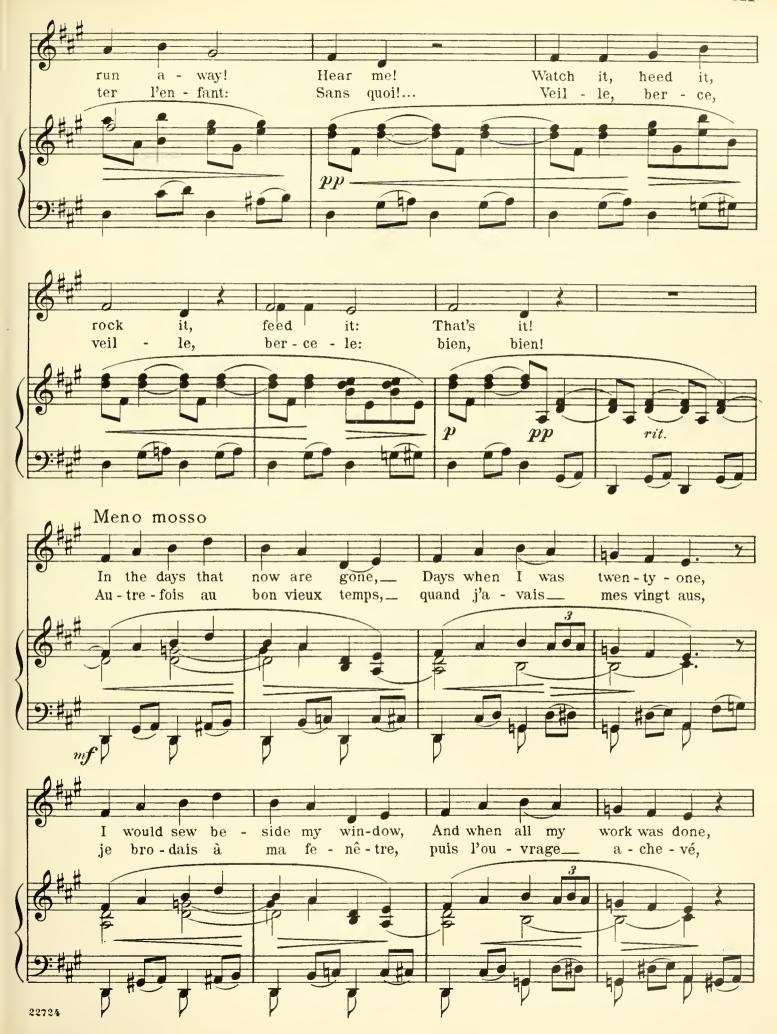






PROPERTY OF CITY OF MEN VODE







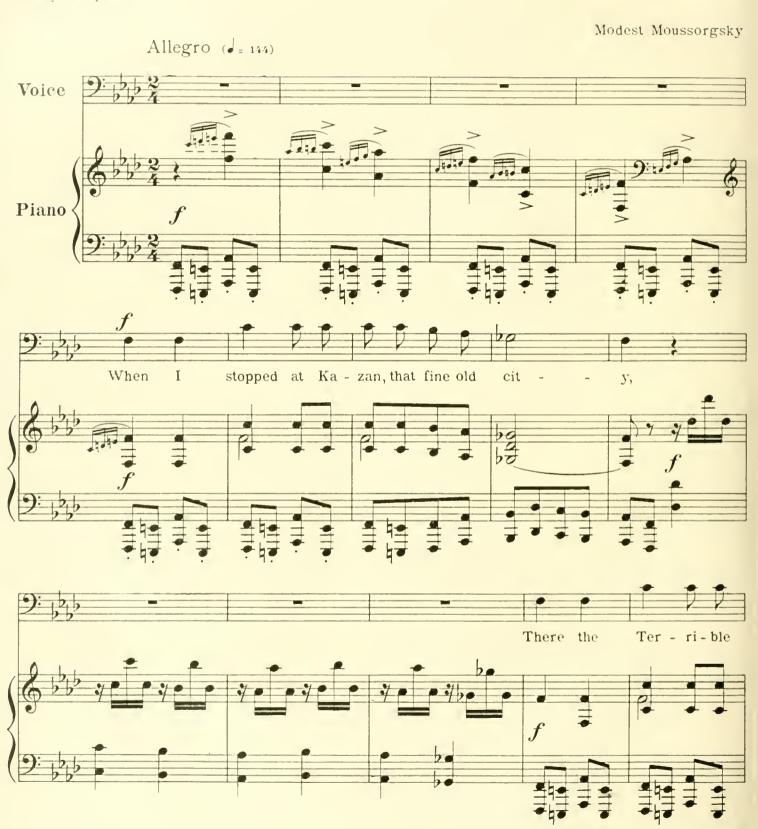


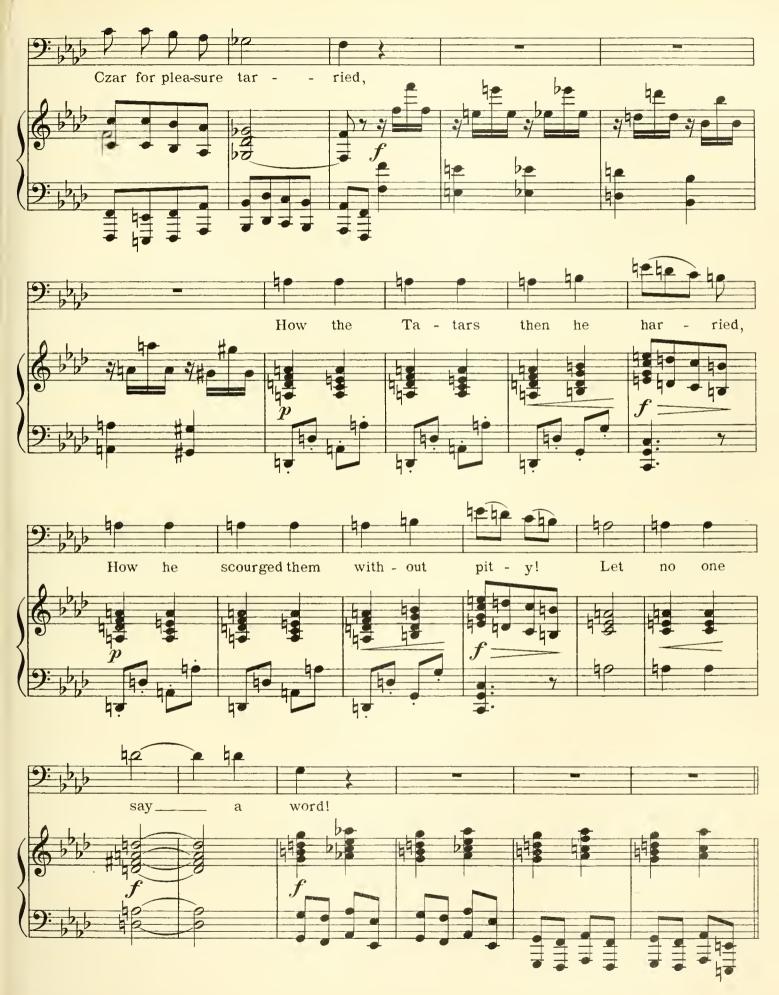
The Siege of Kazan

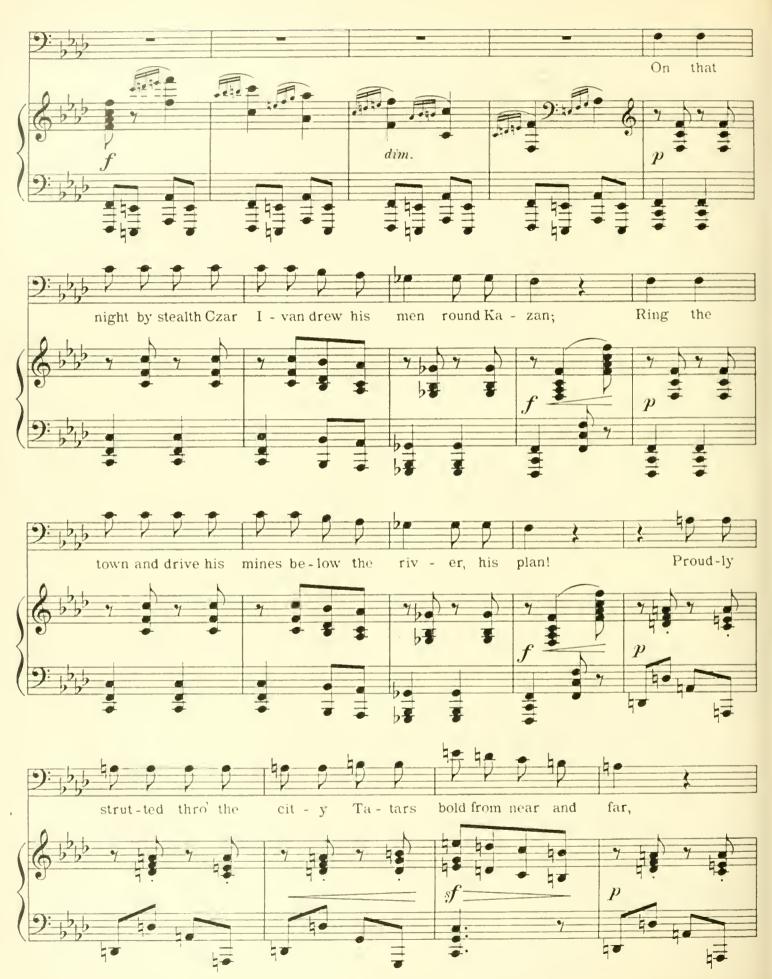
Ballad

From the opera "Boris Godounow"

English version by Henry G. Chapman













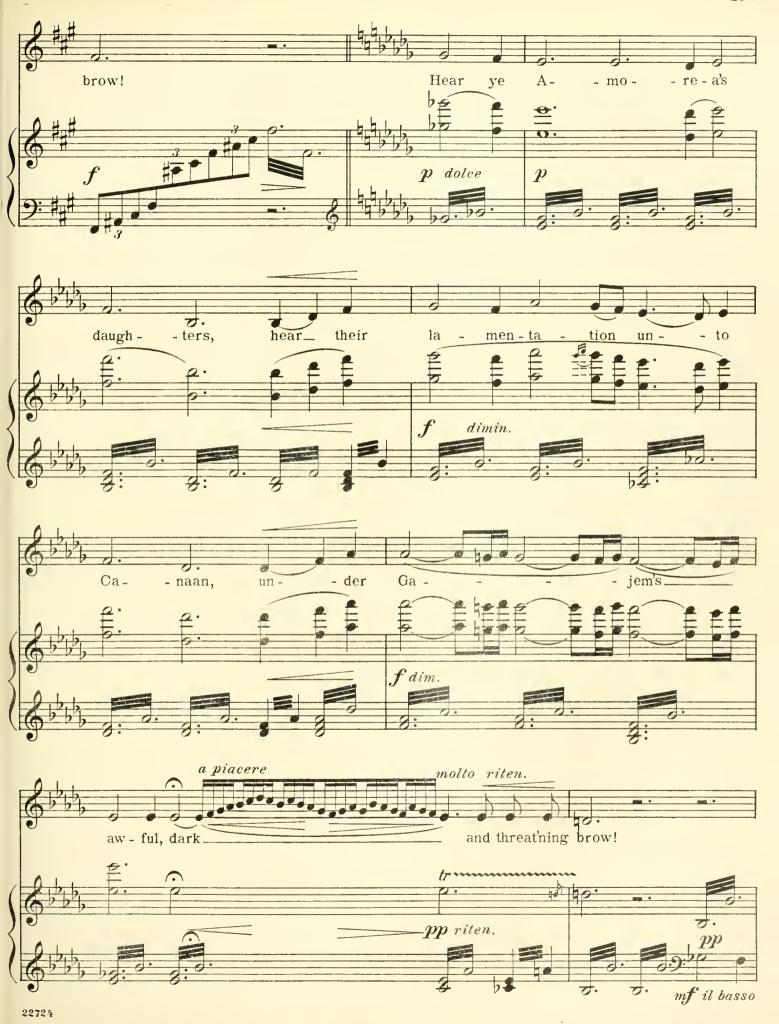


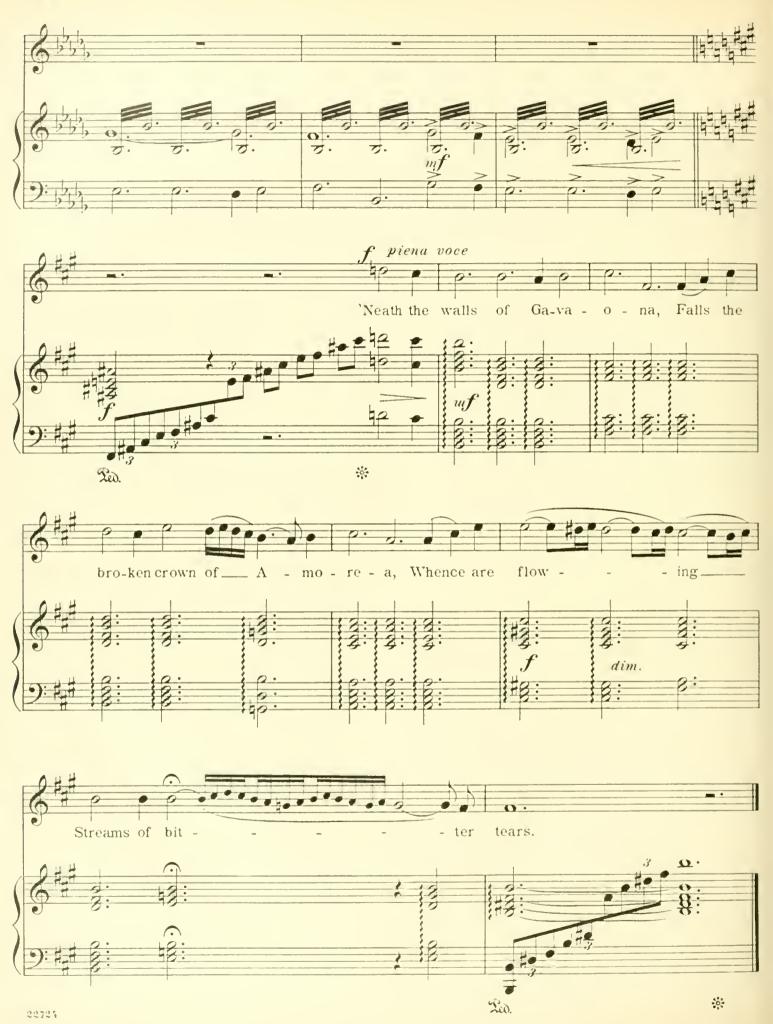


Oriental Chant (Lamentation)

From the cantata "Josua Navîne"







"Oh come to me!"

(A. Koltsow)

English version by Alma Strettell «Viens près de moi»

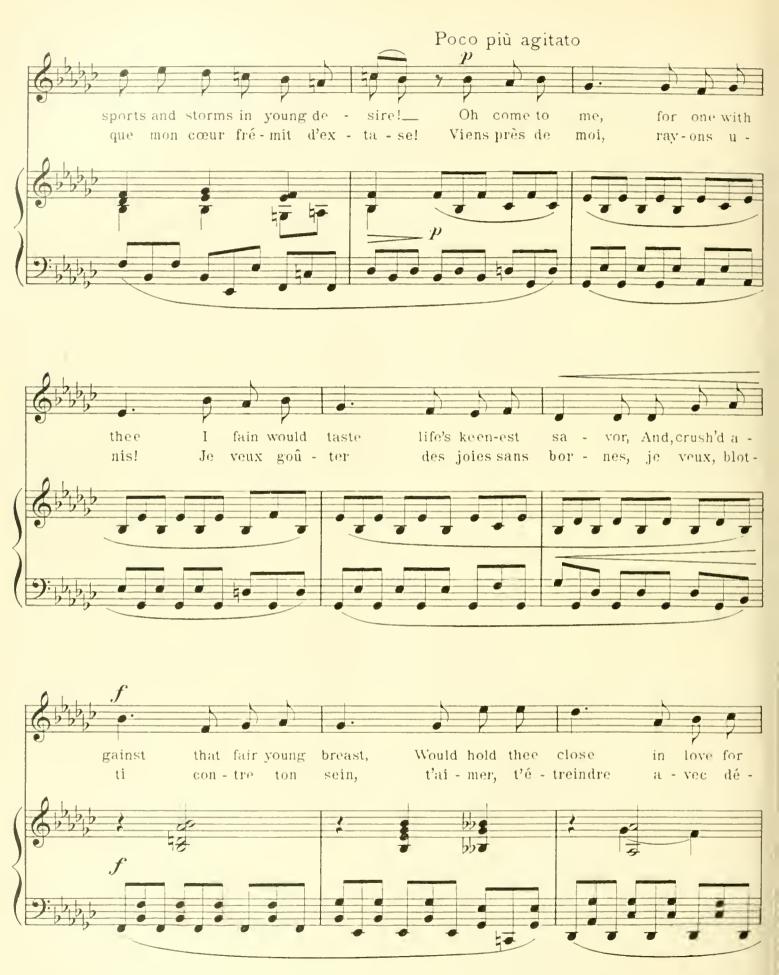
French words by M. D. Calvocoressi

M. Balakirew











English version by

Springtime

Frühling

Henry G. Chapman P. Tschaikowsky, Op. 54, Nº 9 From the cycle, "Songs for Young People" Allegro animato Now melts the snow_ old Win-ter whines, But Der Schnee zer-rinnt:_ der Win-ter weint, der at last is smil-ing And bright ling a - ber lei - se lä - chelt_ hell und klar die Son - ne So coy - ly! The woods will warm breez-es und warm das Lüft-chen fä - chelt! Bald webt der scheint. weich will sing in weave their sum - mer Soon birds ev - 'ry And von fro - hem Vo - gel - san - ge, auch neu sein Kleid und tönt und 22724

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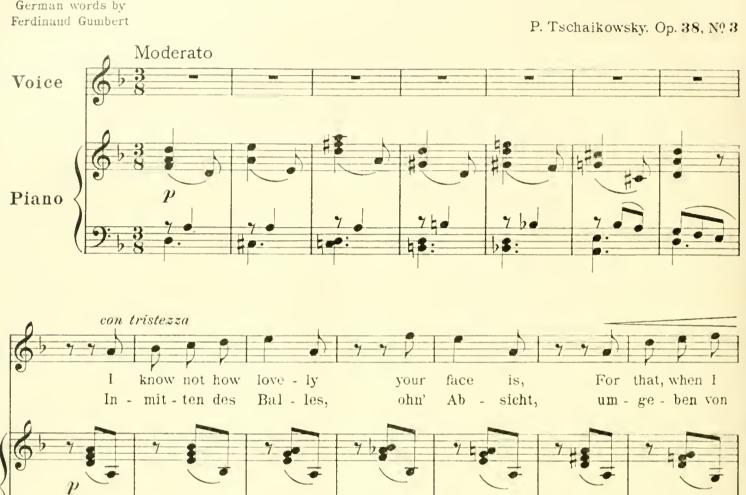
At the Ball

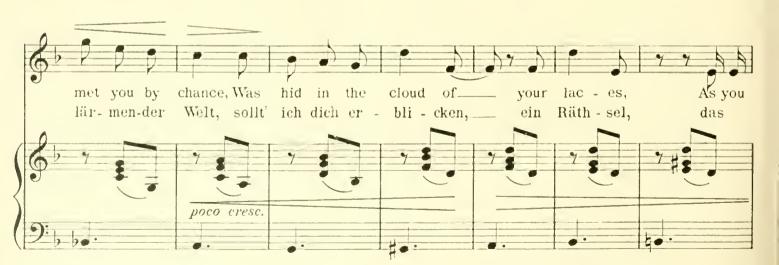
Inmitten des Balles

English version by Henry G. Chapman

(A. Tolstoi)

German words by









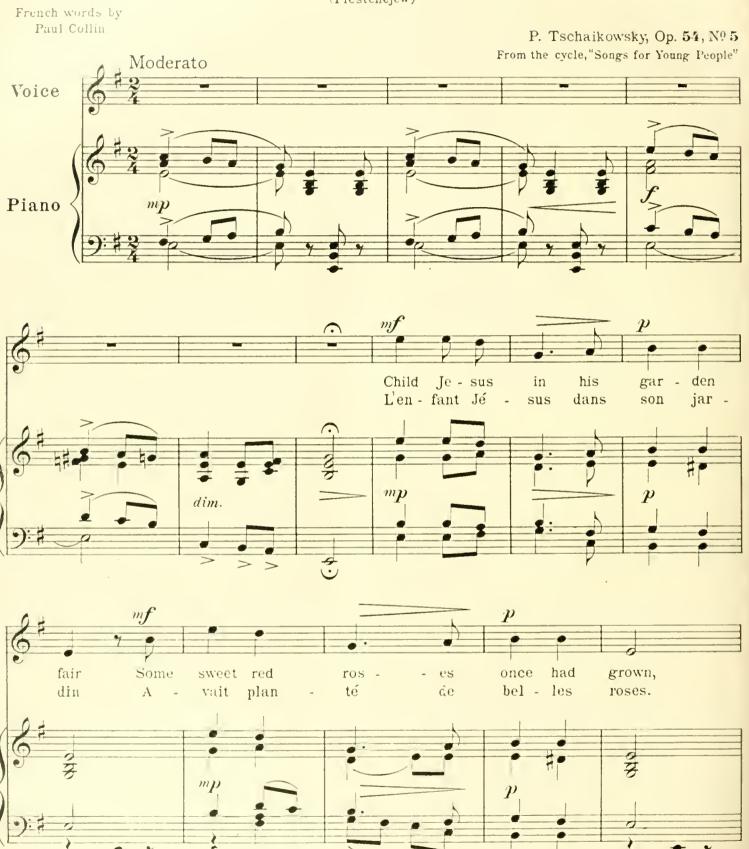


A Legend

English version by Henry G. Chapman French words by

Légende

(Plestchejew)

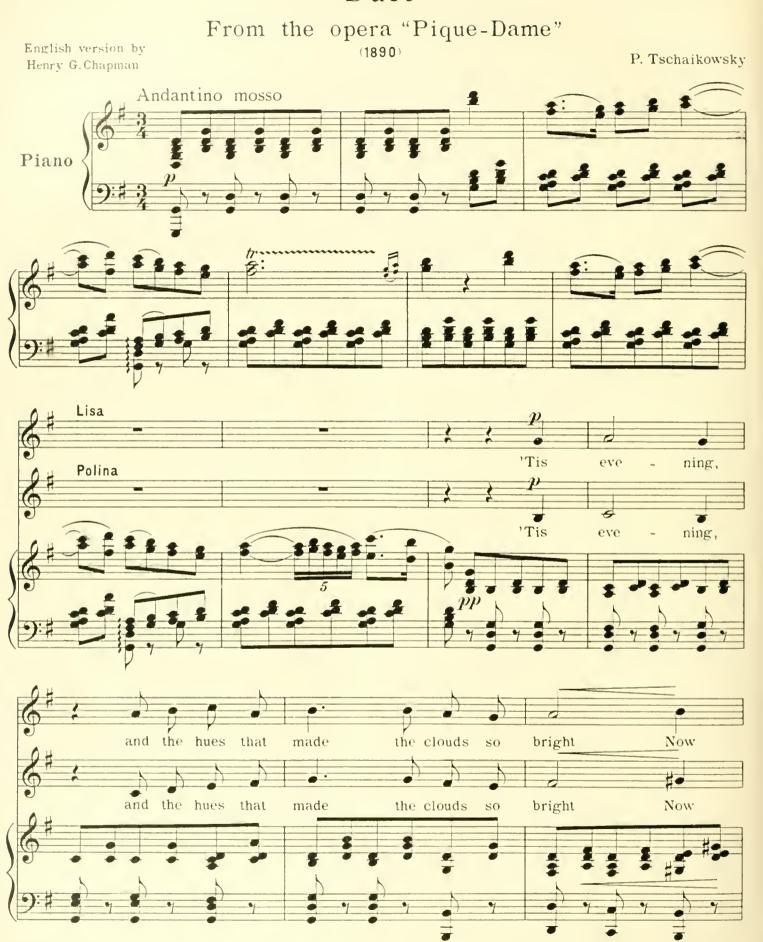








Duet













Evening Le Soir

English version by Kurt Schindler French words by Paul Collin

P. Tschaikowsky. Op. 27, Nº 4









The Canary

Le Canari

English version by Henry G. Chapman (Mey)

Henry G. Chapman French words by Paul Collin











Little Snowflake's Arietta

From the fairy opera "Snegourotchka" (A. Ostrovsky)

English version by







Hebrew Love-Song

Chanson hébraïque

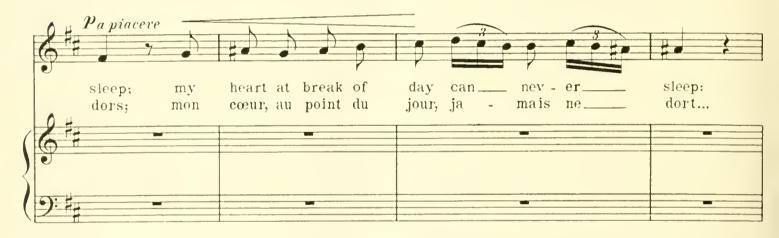
English version by Henry G. Chapman

(L. Mey)

French words by J. Sergennois

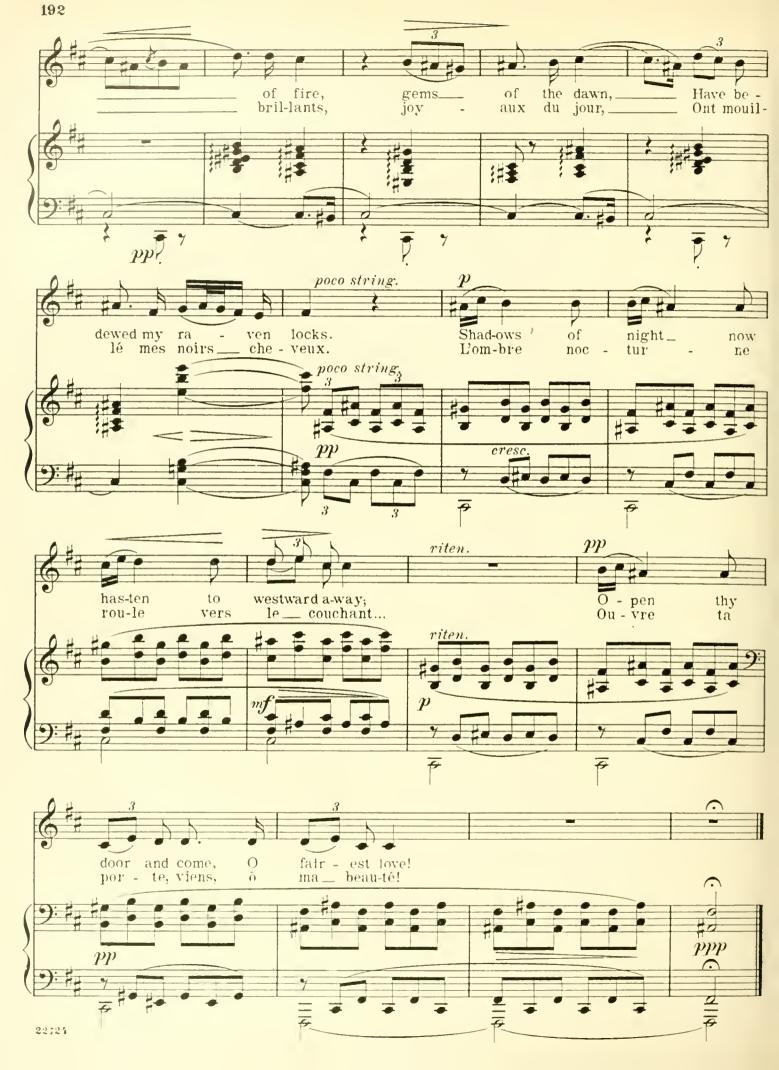
N. Rimsky - Korsakow. Op. 7











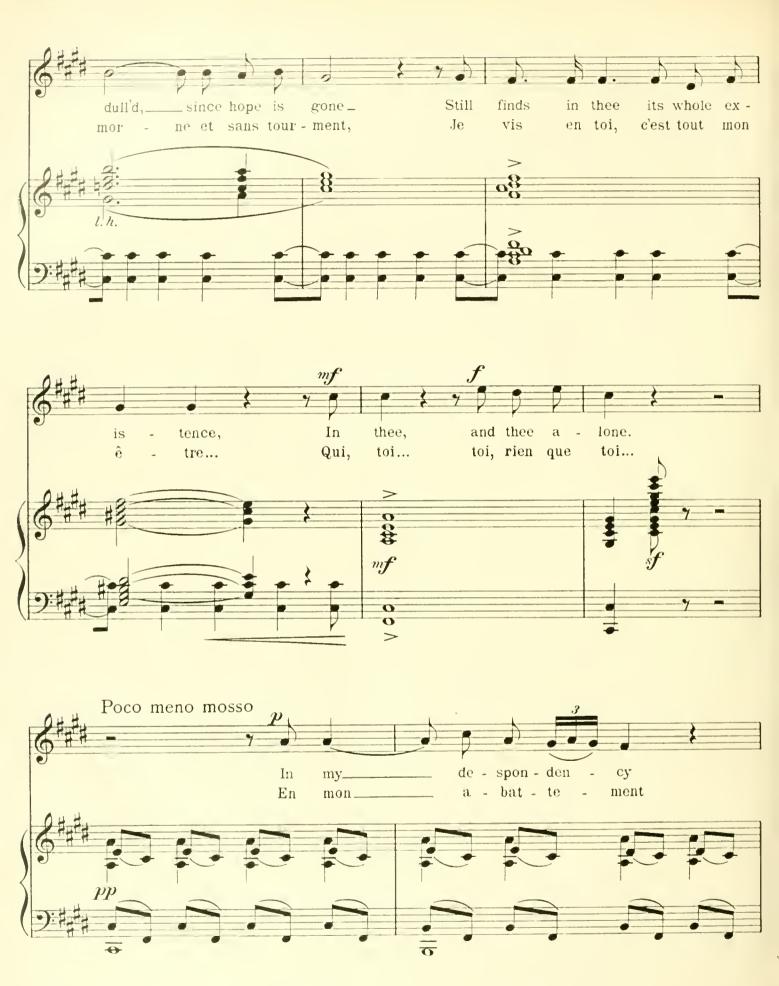
On the Georgian Hills

Sur les Collines de Géorgie

English version by Henry G. Chapman French words by

(A. S. Pushkin)







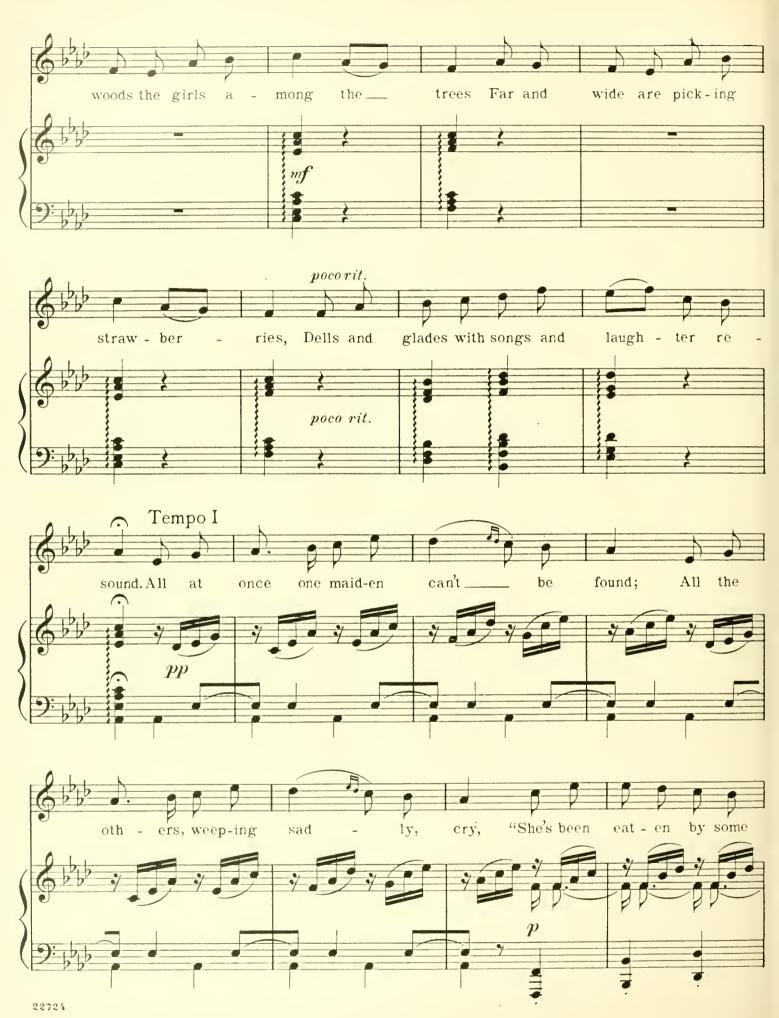
Song of the Shepherd Lehl

From the fairy opera "Snégourotchka" (A. Ostrovsky)

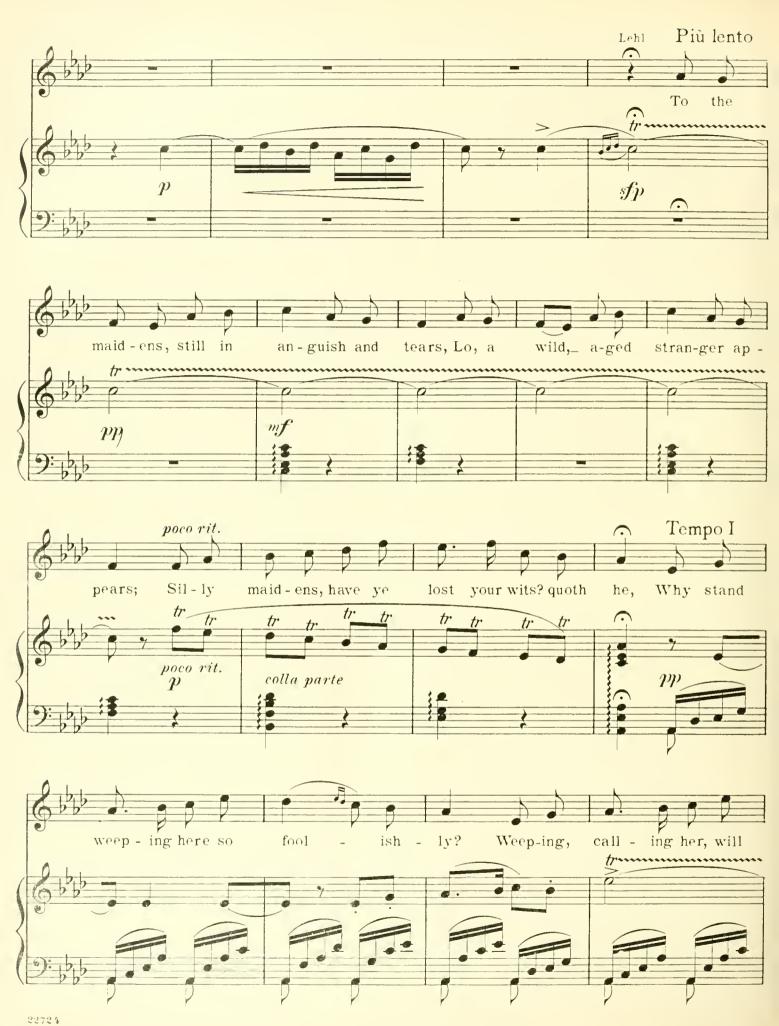
English version by





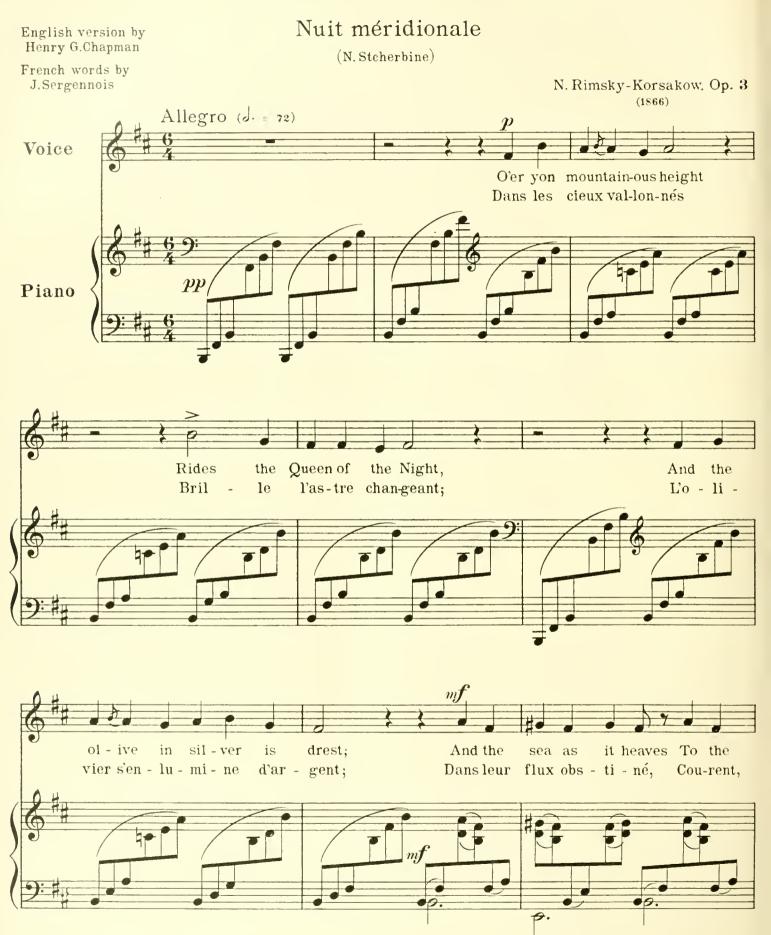








A Southern Night









Air

"Sylvan Roundelay"

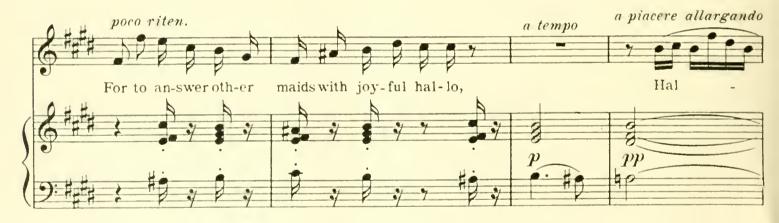
English version by Henry G. Chapman From the fairy opera "Snégourotchka"

(A. Ostrovsky)

Nicolas Rimsky-Korsakow

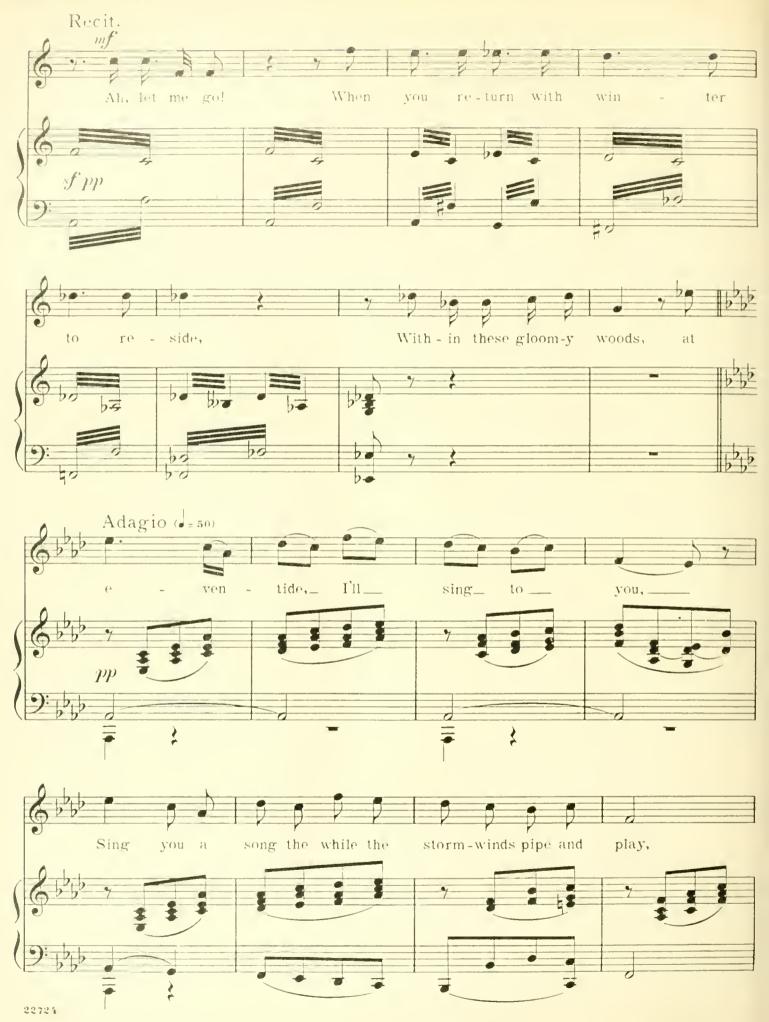






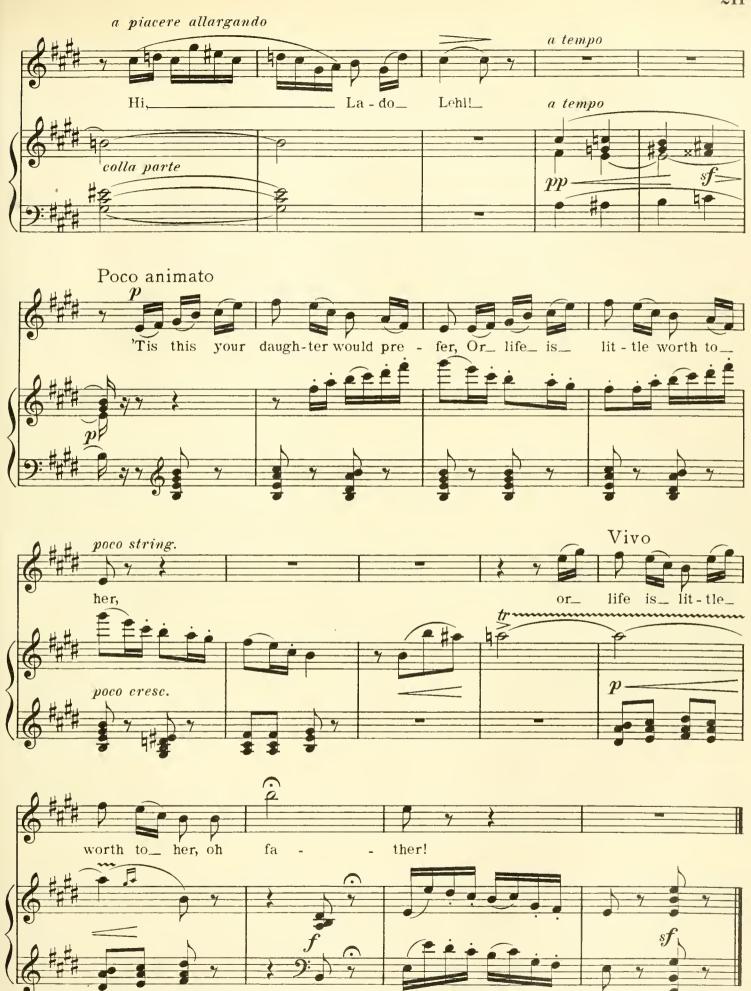










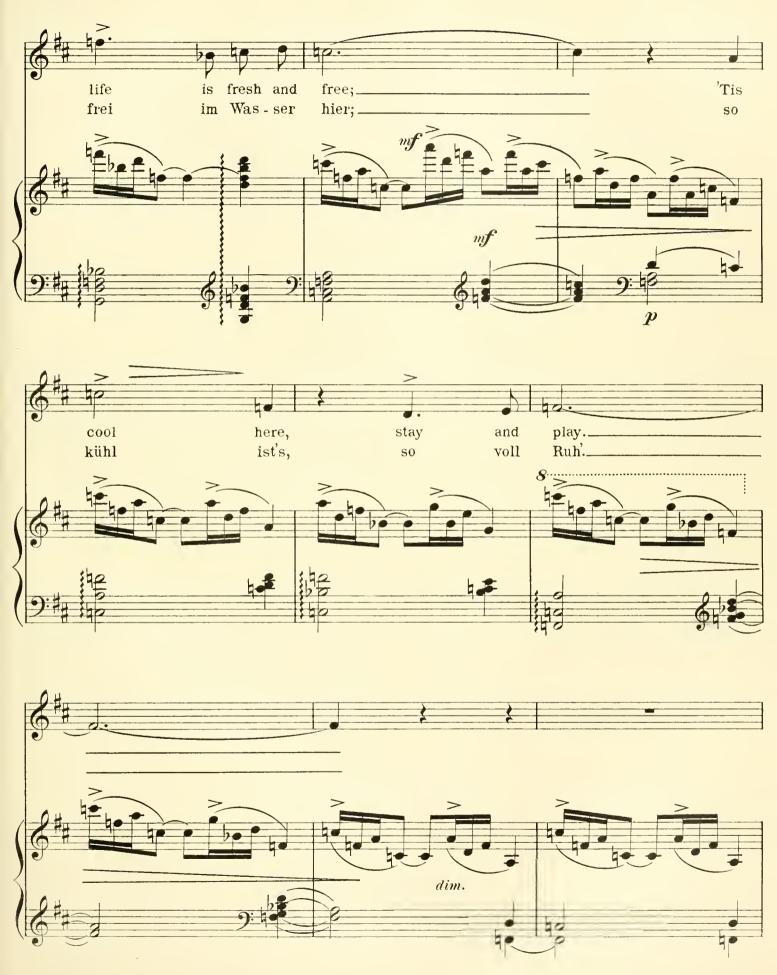


The Little Fish's Song

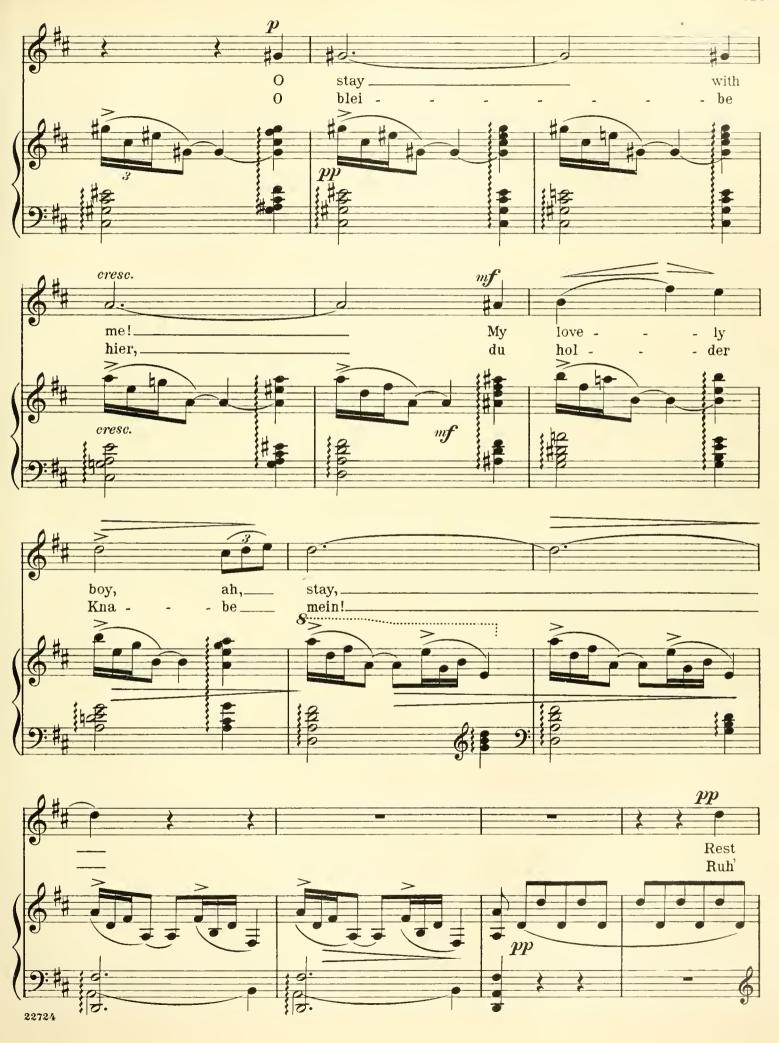
Fischleins Lied

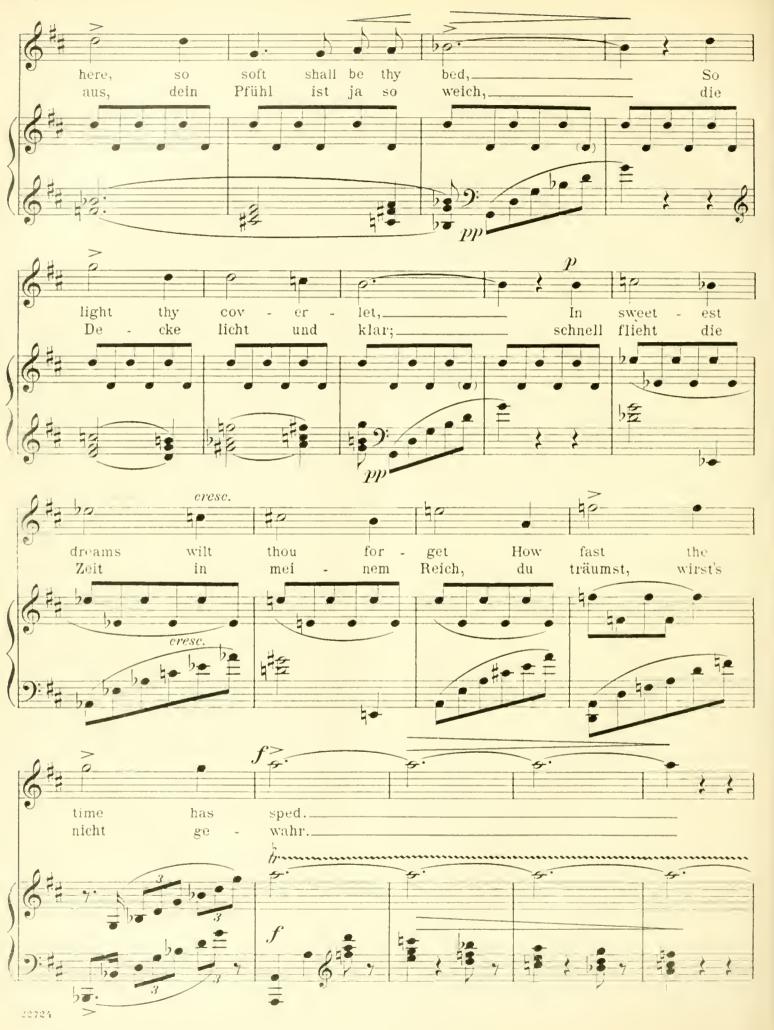
English version by Henry G. Chapman

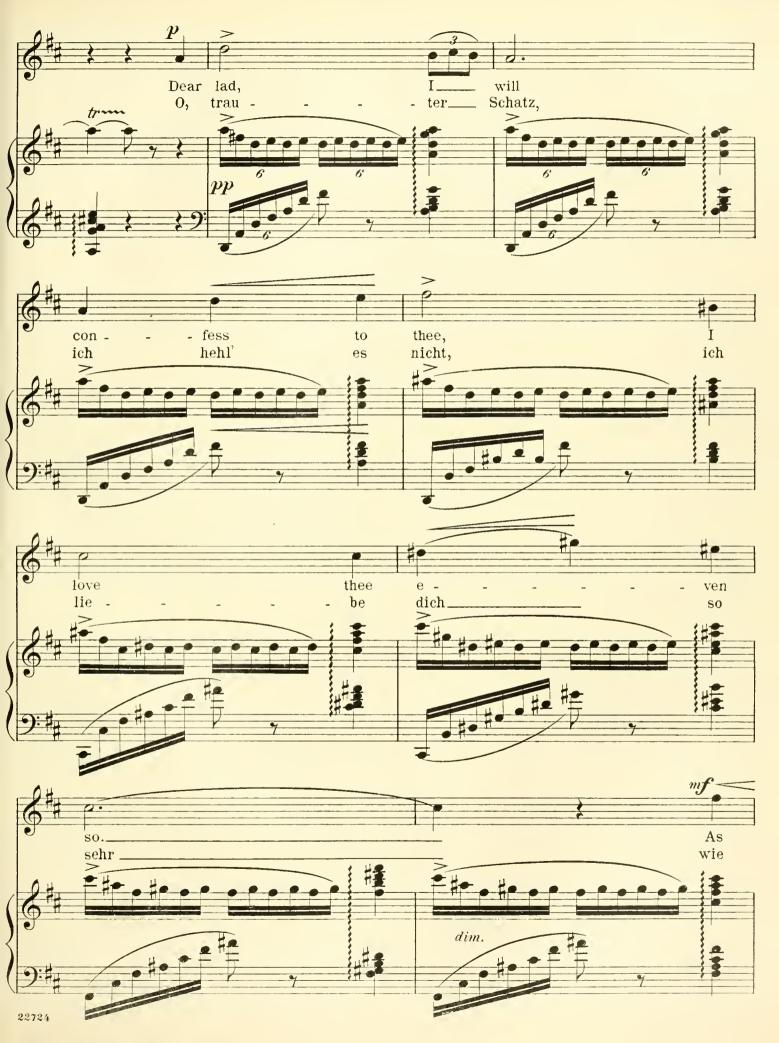


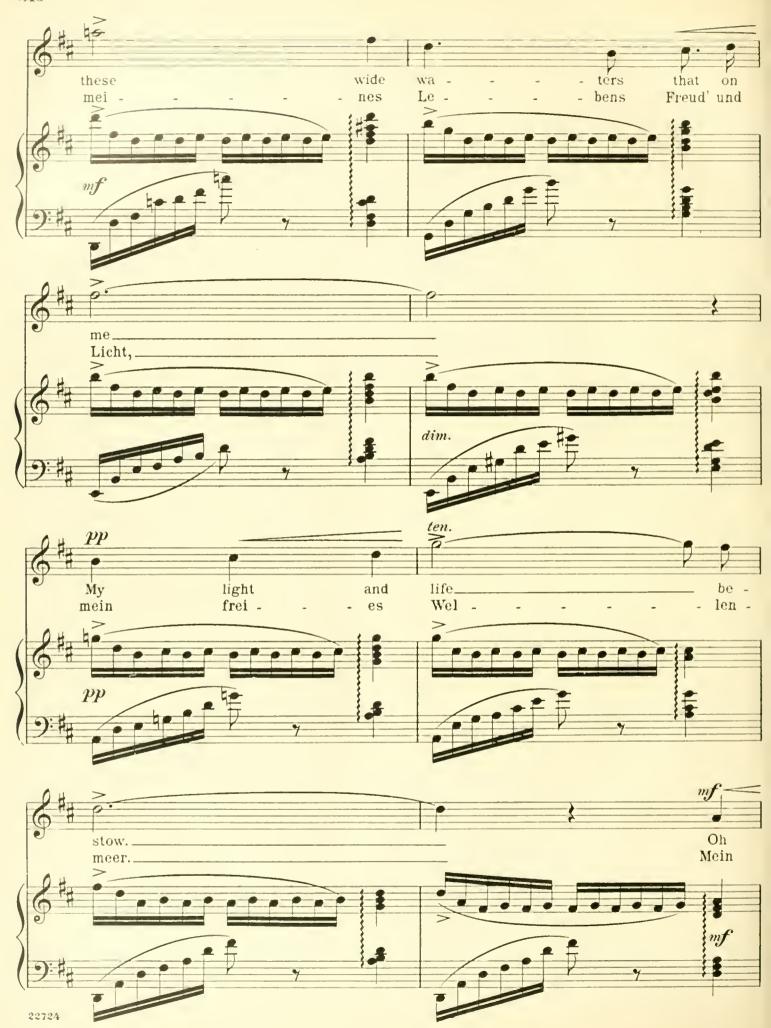


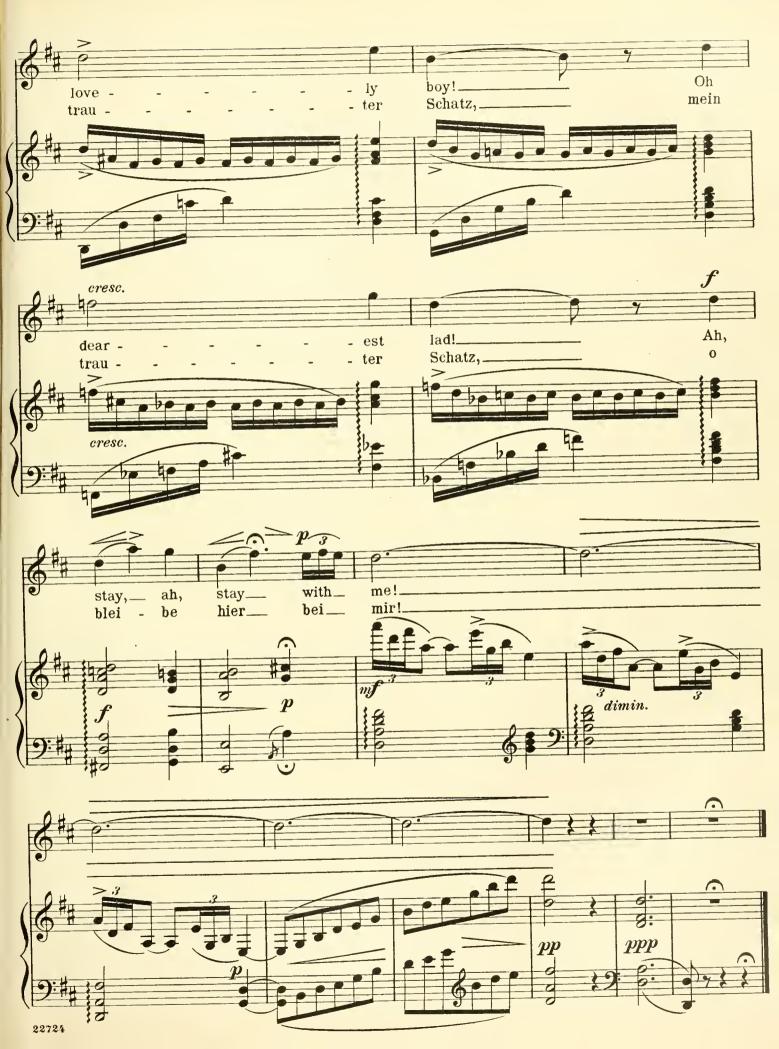












The Nereid

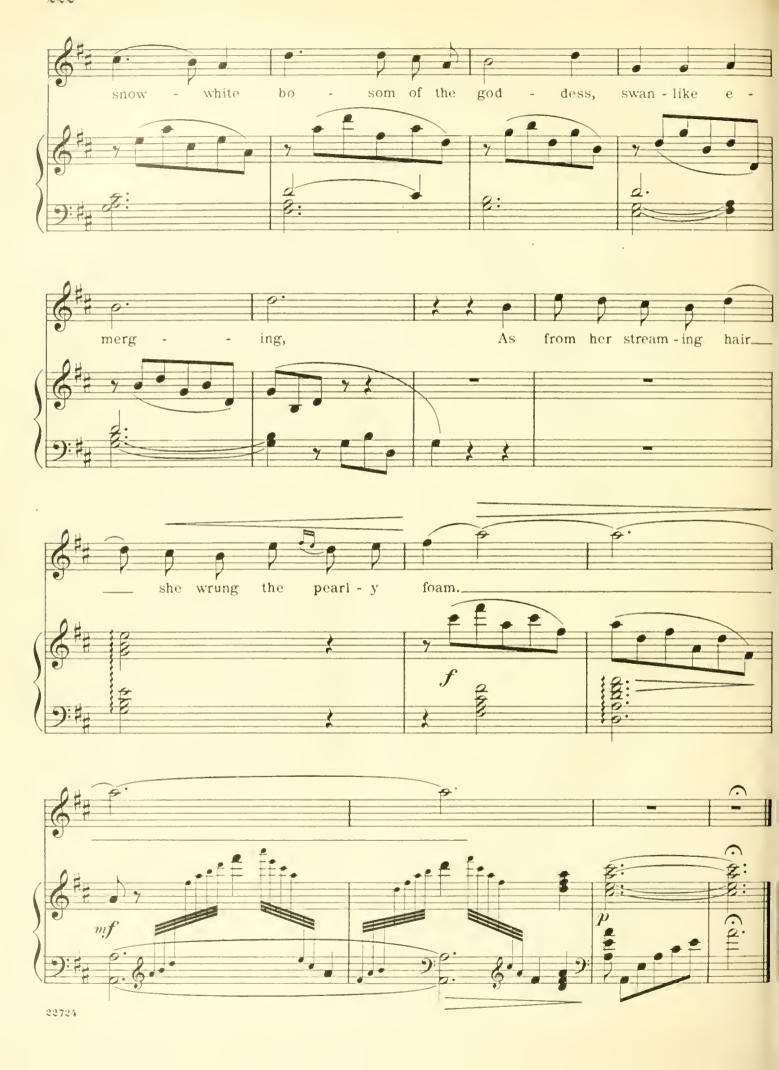
(A. Pushkin)

English version by Henry G. Chapman

Alex. Glazunoff. Op. 60, Nº 3

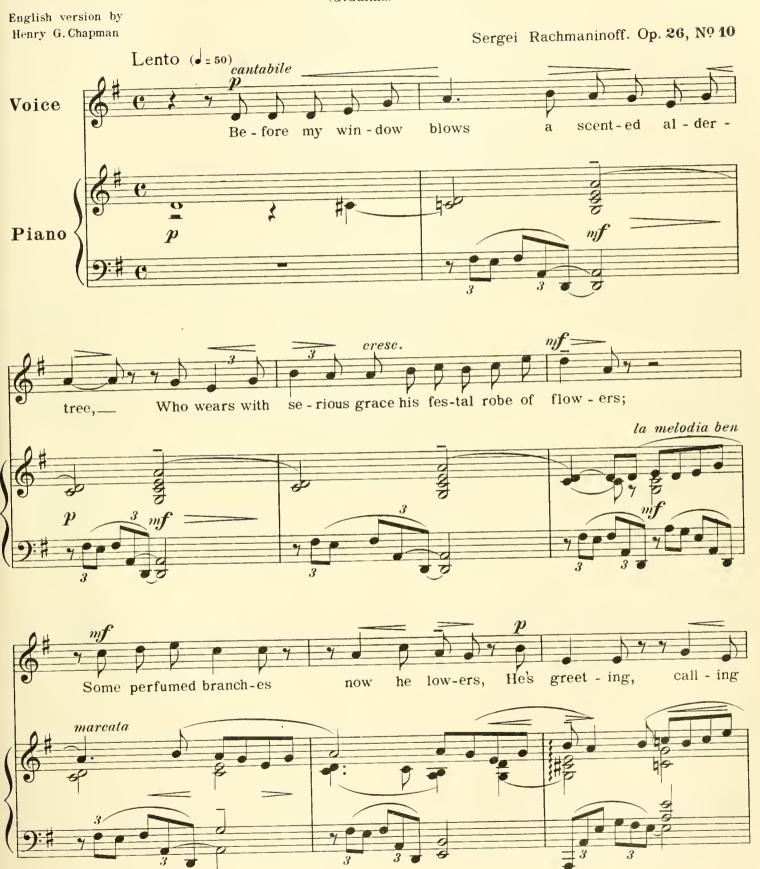




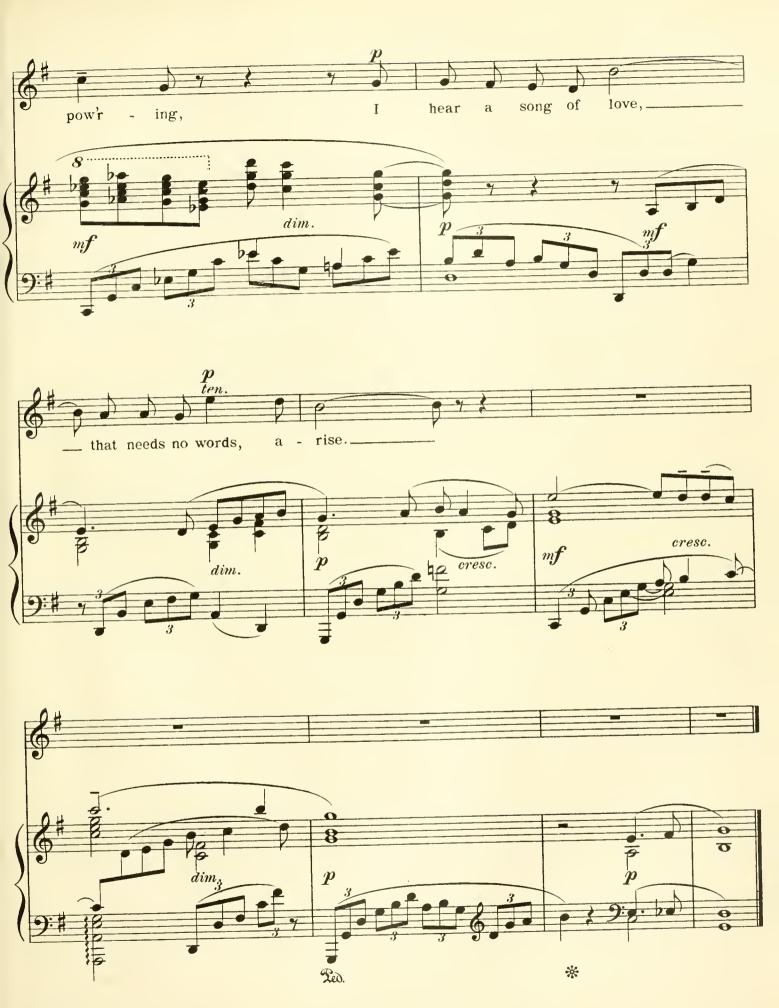


Before My Window

(G.Galina)



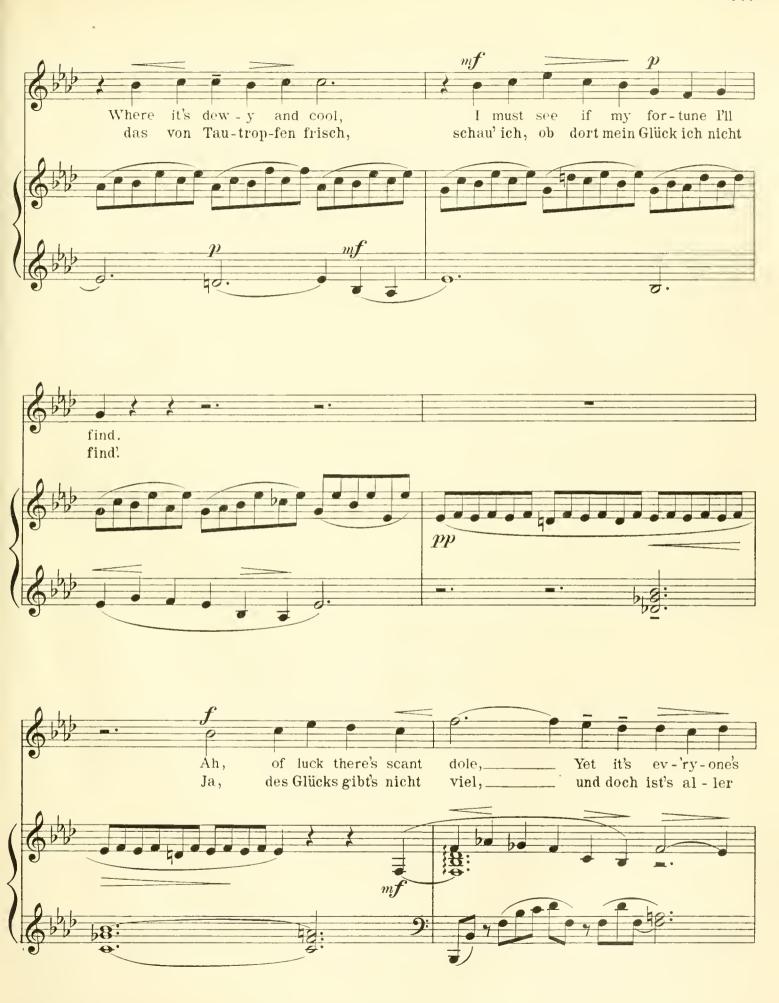




Lilacs

(Kath. Begetoff)





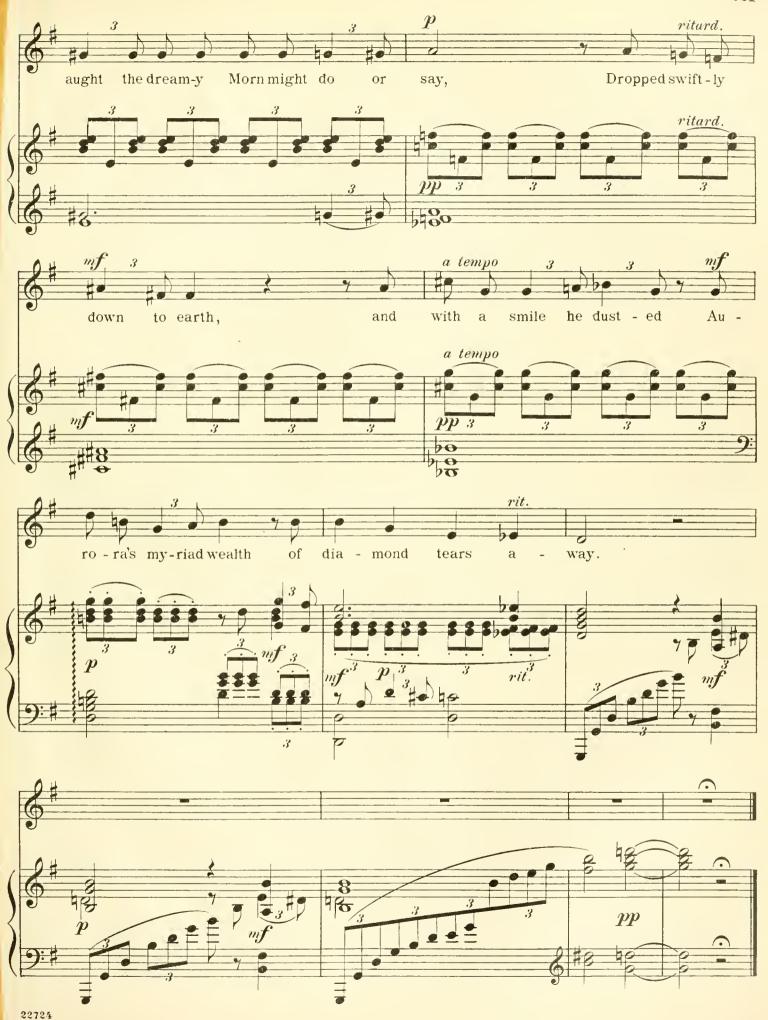


Morning (M, L. Janoff)

English version by Henry G. Chapman







"How sweet the place!"

(G. Galina)

English version by Henry G. Chapman Sergei Rachmaninoff Moderato p dolce ed espressivo Voice Far dis tant gleams The in the sun; The grass-y mead - ows at my feet With flow'rs





"O thou billowy harvest-field!"

(A. Tolstoi)

English version by Henry G. Chapman

Sergei Rachmaninoff. Op. 4, Nº 5

